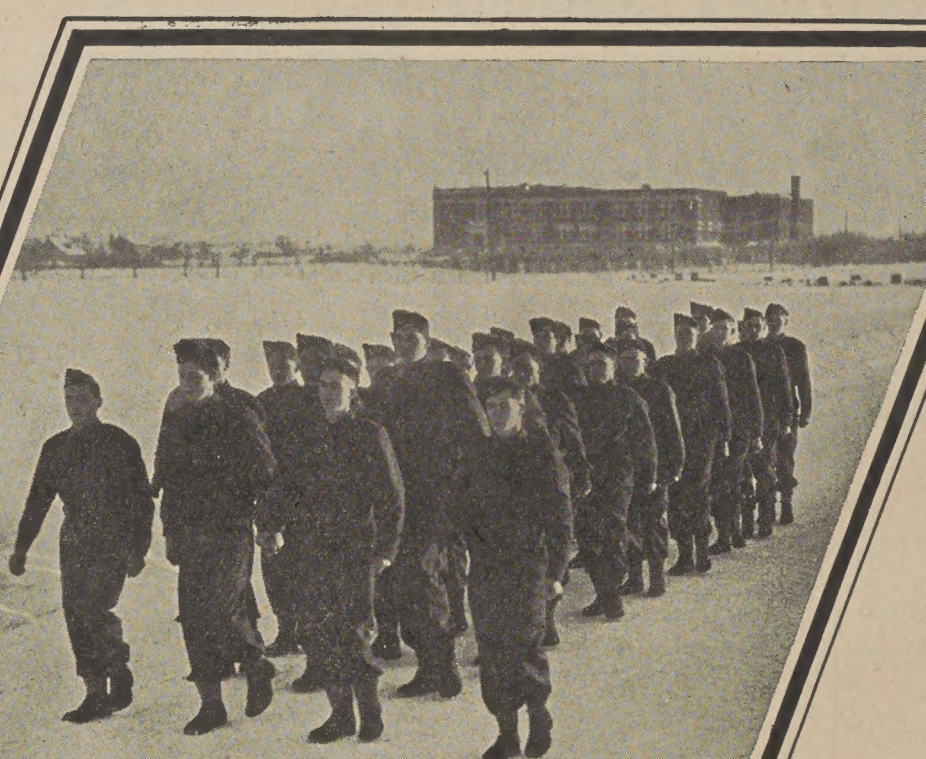




THE GATEWAY



May 1943, like a good Ship
carry you over today's
Stormy Seas, to a haven of
Peace, Happiness and
a fuller, freer Life.



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year

Arrange Experiment To Test Flu Vaccine

Toronto Will Admit Friendly Aliens

Board of Governors Rescinds Decision Barring Students; Must Take Military Training

NATIONAL DEFENCE HEADQUARTERS AUTHORIZES ENLISTMENT IN C.O.T.C.

Toronto, Ont., (C.U.P.).—Group of friendly alien students formerly barred from admission to the University of Toronto are now allowed to enter on condition they take military training without attestation, Dr. D. Bruce MacDonald, Chairman of the Board of Governors, announced yesterday following the regular fortnightly session.

After the meeting the following statement was released to the press: "The Minister of National Defence having now advised the Board of Governors that released internees are to be permitted to take the same military training as other male students attending the university, objection to entrance is now removed. Consequently, released internees are now to be advised to register and commence studies."

St. Joe's Cafeteria Forced to Move

RE-OPENS IN AUDITORIUM

Definite word was received on Friday from R.C.A.F. headquarters in Ottawa by Brother Ansbert, rector of St. Joseph's College, that the premises now used as a Cafeteria at St. Joe's would be required to accommodate the expanding needs of the Air Force in this locality. It is understood that these rooms will be turned into classrooms for the use of Pre-Aircrew Training Classes.

On first learning of this contemplated move of the Air Force, the College authorities felt that it would be necessary to discontinue the operation of the cafeteria, as the expense involved in setting up a new establishment would run into several thousand dollars. However, through its representative on the University Senate, the student body requested that St. Joe's Cafeteria be continued at all costs. It was pointed out that the cafeteria is an integral part of the University and University life, and that it plays a definite role in the University's educative process. In the earlier days of the University there was felt a very definite need for a place where professors and students could meet and discuss ideas congenially. Shades of the Coffee House of Johnson or the Mermade Tavern! It was for this purpose that St. Joe's Cafeteria was established.

Since the cessation of the University residences and dining hall, many of the students have found themselves without boarding facilities. At present these are relying on the cafeteria for their meals. It is felt that any further curtailment of eating facilities on the campus would create undue hardship.

Acquiescing in these arguments, the College has decided to continue the operation of the cafeteria in a new setting. The auditorium, which is located on the ground floor of the centre wing of the building, will be transformed for this purpose. Access to it from the street is by way of the entrance to the left and below the main front entrance of the College. The change over is expected to take place during the Christmas holidays.

Brother Ephrem, bursar of St. Joseph's College, assured your reporter that all of the present facilities would still be available. It will be open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m., and will continue to serve meals, lunches, etc., as at present.

Chemists Outline Future Programs

Dean Sinclair to Give Address

The executive of the Chemistry Club, under the energetic leadership of President Wilf Hahn, has outlined a varied and interesting program for the coming year. The speakers and topics have been chosen to suit chemists of all temperaments and degrees of development. Present plans include, among other things, an address by Dean Sinclair of the Department of Agriculture, and possibly a joint meeting with the Chemistry Society of Edmonton.

You don't have to be a chemist to attend these meetings; you merely require an interest in chemistry (or chemists). A Chem Club member is only a resonance structure between an Honors Chemist and a Chemical Engineer, so such a system always emits fun waves of high frequency. After Christmas, when everyone has settled down to normal again, drop around to Med 142 at 7:30 on Wednesdays and see what fun the Chem Club is having.

President Cody, who made the original motion November 12th for admitting aliens, said last night: "I am delighted at the decision which the Board with practical unanimity, made at today's meeting."

The men in question will be allowed to join the second battalion, Toronto Contingent, C.O.T.C. Lieut. Col. H. H. Madill, Officer Commanding, said: "We are authorized to enroll them by National Defence Headquarters. They will join regular companies and be treated just like anyone else."

Father T. P. McLaughlin, Superior of St. Michael's College, commented: "We are naturally very pleased at the decision of the Governors. I don't know how many of the men concerned are still in Toronto. Two who applied to enter St. Michael's have now gone to St. Francis Xavier University."

An unofficial count last night showed approximately half of the original eighteen still waiting admission to Toronto.

Eighteen aliens, all of German nationality, were originally interned in England shortly after the fall of France in 1940 and sent to Canadian internment camps. Soon after they were released, following individual examination by officials of British Home Office and the Canadian Government to enter universities, where it was considered they could best serve the interest of the community by furthering their education.

Provincial News Sponsors New Student Series

Supplies Local Newspapers With Student Information

The Provincial News Department, under Director George Hardy, has given eight broadcasts this fall. The first was on October 13th and the last until after the Christmas holidays was on December 1st, 1942. These newscasts are given each Tuesday night at 6:45 p.m. from Station CKUA, which is 580 on your dial, by your Gateway reporters, Lois Knight and George Hardy.

The Provincial News is under the Publicity Committee which was recently set up by the Students' Council, with James Murphy as director. This committee was formed for the purpose of suggesting new ways of improving the publicity on the campus and censoring that which goes out. Plans will be discussed for more student activity on the air in the form of quiz programs, dramatic plays, etc. Miss Helen Stewart, who has taken Mr. Sidney Risk's place in the Department of Extension, is very much in favor of student dramatics in radio, and anyone interested in this phase of radio work is asked to get in touch with her at the Department of Extension. It has also been planned to have the finals in hockey and basketball broadcast from CKUA.

Also under the Provincial News Department is the work of Ross Bishop, who sends out letters and information to home-town papers of those students who become prominent in University. This is something new, and should prove to be valuable publicity.

Listen in after the Christmas holidays if you'd rather hear a newscast than read for yourself what's going on around the campus. The time is 6:45 on Tuesdays. Remember the features broadcasts each Friday afternoon at 5:15, too.

CO-EDS SERVE IN CANTEEN



Canadian University Co-Eds Help in Labor Shortage; Work in Canteens, Dining Rooms

AT TORONTO

Toronto, Ontario (C.U.P.).—Many university women are taking their compulsory war service training in the form of a course in child care. This training will fit them for voluntary work in day nurseries, with children under five years of age.

"An untrained adult is of no benefit in a day nursery," said Miss Marjorie Poppleton, secretary of the Institute of Child Study. The Institute has taken over the training of university women in this field.

Lectures in child psychology are given to those enrolled in this course every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. Each girl is taught the proper method of handling the young child, and what action to take in case their charges become unruly.

All over Ontario local committees are investigating the need for such nurseries, and although at present there is only one nursery in Toronto, buildings have been located and plans are being made to open several more centres.

As a result of this action there will be a great need for trained voluntary workers. University women who are really interested in this work have been enrolled in the Women's Voluntary Service Corps, to work in the nurseries.

Opera Production Will Play in Feb.

As all musically-minded students know, the Philharmonic Society is presenting this year Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "The Gondoliers." For about two months now jolly "gondoliers" and laughing "contadine" have been gathering each week to rehearse this enjoyable production to the point of perfection. Romantic leads have been busy learning how to be ardent lovers. Comic leads have spent their time trying to produce laughs, and villainous leads have spent their time in becoming the most despicable bouncers possible. Through all this, the directors have tried to remain sane.

Matters have been proceeding rather smoothly, however, except in the orchestra, where the only trouble is lack of orchestra. Now, there must be some more students attending this University who can play an instrument, so those of you that can, and haven't appeared at a practise as yet, please turn out after Christmas and discover what enjoyment can be had playing the luring choruses to be found in this opera.

The executive has announced that the time of presentation of the opera is the last week of February. Prommen, chorus, actors, orchestra, directors and the many others engaged in the production are all working with one thought in mind. To make this the most entertaining of a long series of successful presentations. They are giving their time and talents in the hope that all who see their efforts will go home satisfied.

ALBERTA GIRLS SERVE IN OVERTOWN CANTEEN

Outfitted in blue and yellow smocks and caps, the Varsity girls this year are showing the soldiers at the Legion Hut how a University education can work wonders on milk-shakes and hot-dogs. Two members of the Canteen group of the Women's War Services have been taking up their stand behind the counter each afternoon for the past two weeks. In charge of the group is Miss Betty Tregale, whose responsibility it is to see that there are girls on the job each day. It is her duty to check up on the number of hours each co-ed puts in at the canteen. Asked how she enjoys "waitressing," any one of the girls would reply, "It suits our digestive system lots better than studying."

Besides teaching how to count change and serve out ten cokes in half a minute flat, it helps Mrs. Merritt, supervisor of the canteen, to carry through the rush hours. For when parade ends, the stampede begins. Then the co-eds do some brisk hopping whilst bottle tops zoom past their ears, and volleys of chocolate bars precipitate on those cute little caps, knocking them all screw-goo. Those girls who have already spent an afternoon canteen-ing have found that there are plenty of lapses between rush hours when they can dangle their feet over the edge of the coke containers (unless it gets too chilly) and catch up on all the latest wurlitzer tunes.

From half-past one until half-past six are the canteen hours, but the girls are credited with six hours war work, since an extra hour is allowed for street-car travel. Some of the co-eds have taken such a liking to the work that they're even giving up their Saturday afternoons to soda-jerking. Besides the enjoyment derived from serving behind the counter, the girls have the satisfaction of knowing that they're doing their bit for the comfort of the soldiers.

Southern Students Hold Annual Ball, Lethbridge, Dec. 28

Don't forget the Varsity Ball. This event is held during the Christmas holidays for the students from the southern part of the province and for any others who happen to be around. If you know of men in the armed services who went to any other university, and who are now stationed near Lethbridge, tell them about this dance. They are especially welcome.

This is the sixth year that this dance has been held. In former years this dance has been formal, but this year, due to the war, the dance is to be informal.

If you live in the vicinity of Lethbridge try and get a party together and come on down. You are assured of a helluvagood time.

AT MT. ALLISON

Sackville, N.B. (C.U.P.).—After a lapse of almost twenty years, the girls of Allison Hall are once again pitching in to help—and we do mean pitching, to judge from the sounds issuing from the kitchen those first greenhorn days. Because of the difficulty in securing dining-room help, approximately thirty-two women students give one and a half to two hours each day as waitresses in the girls' residence.

Surprisingly enough, the girls find it fun instead of just more work to do. The hardest part was learning to balance a tray single-handed while passing between tables; however, accidents, humorous or otherwise, have been few. The girls among themselves are trying to improve posture if they can once get over that right-side list developed from the weights—for a while it was as characteristic as the jutting school-book hip or the debutante slouch.

The waitresses are given their own meals early and have just about what they please (as the increasing close modelling of their skirts testify), and the exercise does them a world of good. They give good service because, being students themselves, they know what is asked for; to avoid criticism from friends and classmates they are particular to give everything in the way of student standards of courtesy, cleanliness and consideration.

Junior Prom Proves Success

On December 1st the Juniors held their annual Prom, and "They done themselves proud." It took place in The Barn, and from nine till one, to the music of The Barn orchestra, there was rhythm aplenty. The couples (most of them, by the way, came by street car) were received by Class President Don Marshall, Mrs. MacEachran, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Mueller, Mrs. Thorssen and Miss Winspear.

Marion "Pudgy" Williams and Dick "Rich" Swann warbled into the surprised and delighted ears of the dancers, not only solos, but a duet, too! The favors (maybe you've already guessed) were gold necklaces of various lengths and design—Women's Editor, please take note. There were no decorations this year, nor, for that matter, were any needed. The curtailment of evening dresses has not to all appearances been felt by our co-eds. Keeping up civilian morale, they call it. (There is a rumor going around that the Froth this year should be informal. What do you think about it?)

At ten past one, two specially-provided street cars carried happy, drowsy dancers home. The Junior Prom was over for another year, and was unanimously voted a real success. The only casualties were those brave girls who wore tooless shoes without stockings through the snow.

Students Asked To Offer Services As Guinea Pigs; Dr. Ower Conducts Tests

Plan to Try Two Varieties of Vaccine

200 STUDENTS REQUIRED

Vaccine Developed at University of Toronto

Two hundred students of the University of Alberta will be asked to volunteer to participate in an experiment to determine the value of influenza vaccine. Dr. J. J. Ower, Acting Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, is conducting this experiment after Christmas, when one hundred students will be vaccinated twice, the injections being about nine or ten days apart. The other one hundred students will not be vaccinated, but will be used as controls.

Dr. Ronald Hare, of the University of Toronto, has prepared material which appears to be a definite improvement on the vaccine used in the trials by the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation two years ago. In order to observe this vaccine, the plan is to immunize groups early in January and study the results if, by chance, an epidemic of influenza occurs during the winter. The advantage of using students is that it is possible to make observations on the group in the way of obtaining blood samples and also more accurate reporting of illness. The desirable method would probably be two doses of the vaccine two weeks apart, and it is anticipated that there would not be any reactions from the injection.

Dr. Defries, Director of Connaught Laboratories at the University of Toronto, who arranged for the experiment, suggested that the observations be made on a group of medical students, but since these students do not return to the University until February 1st, and time is an important factor in the development of this experiment, Dr. Ower has asked for 200 student volunteers who will return in January.

It is the intention of Dr. Ronald Hare, who has prepared this material, to make observations on the protective value of influenza vaccine on groups of possibly 1,000 persons. Reduced medical staffs in public institutions do not make the plan feasible there. In Toronto, it has been decided to use groups of students instead.

Two products will be used in this plan. One is fluid material, "Influenza A Vaccine," designated by letters, and the other is dried material, "Influenza A Vaccine," designated by numbers. Equal numbers will be immunized with each variety.

The co-operation of students must be obtained so that any illnesses of the respiratory tract will be reported immediately, in order that a report may be prepared on these. It is hoped to continue the observations through the winter, and students will communicate with those in charge when they get a cold, any time during the four months following the second inoculation. By reporting at the earliest possible moment in the event of a cold, the students can assist in this important work. If this is not done, the value of the vaccine cannot be determined.

Dr. Malcolm R. Bow, Deputy Minister of Health for the Province of Alberta, is following the course of this experiment with interest. Since it was impossible to carry this out in a public institution such as the Provincial Mental Institute at Oliver because of the shortage of medical staff, he suggested that observations be made on groups of students. Notices will be posted on the bulletin boards, and the students are asked to watch for these, and watch The Gateway for instructions for volunteering to help in this work. Only with the co-operation of the student body can this experiment be a success.

Sugar Rationing Stops Xmas Cakes

The Household Economics Club is an organization for members of the Household Economics classes. The primary purpose of the club is to enable members in the different years to meet each other and learn of the fields open to them as House Ecceers.

The club holds a meeting once a month, at which a guest speaker tells us some of the aspects of her own work.

The executive this year consists of: Honorary President, Miss M. Richards; President, Ruth McCuaig; Sec.-Treasurer, Jean Staples; Junior representative, Norma Hogg; Freshie representative, Jean Kaiser.

In other years the House Ec. Club has been in charge of making the Christmas cakes to send to students who are in the armed forces. This year, due to sugar rationing and

Co-ed Club Has Been Very Active

Despite the difficulties facing a new organization, the Co-ed Club has managed to keep itself busy this fall in various activities on the campus. The first social meeting was held in October, when about 100 girls and several women faculty members attended. A tobogganing party had been planned for the night of the big snow in November, but it was cancelled, as many of the members were snowed under. A skating party was held in December at the Garneau rink.

Besides the social functions, the Co-eds did other things. They helped in the various drives for worthy charities. It was decided, too, to raise money for a war bond which would be presented to the Students' Union Building Fund. As a means to this end, the co-eds fed the ganders at the Wawa dance "he-man" sandwiches. At the remaining house dances this year they sold cokes and doughnuts. This is the first time that a club has taken over such a task on its own initiative. At other house dances we had to run over to Tuck in the cold if we wanted to eat. The club plans to keep as busy during the rest of the year, with a dance coming up, and the war bond drive to bring to a successful conclusion.

Edmonton Painters Exhibit Art

Placed on exhibition recently were a number of very interesting pictures by two well-known local painters, Mr. A. Cartmell and Miss H. V. Foster. This is part of a series of paintings to be on display on the second floor of the Arts Building.

In these examples, one observes fine pictorial work, telling a pleasing story to the onlooker. The color and composition of both artists gives us some insight into the emotional story intended to be conveyed.

Mr. Cartmell, oftentimes said to be Canada's most outstanding snow painter of today, shows us some crisp examples of this type, fine setting of form and color being displayed in the scene of an open stream surrounded by spruces. Of general interest were his rugged mountain views done in the vicinity of Jasper and Athabasca Falls. These do not show a much feeling as his winter scenes, but at the same time it will be noticed that fine sense of distances and Alpine height is shown.

The flowers and birds by Miss Foster show a very fine knowledge of water-color technique, though her sense of composition is nothing more than pleasing and academic. Fine coloring gives everyone a feeling of warmth and delight, and her decorative illustrations are most outstanding in color and design. These, by the way, are some that Miss Foster has done to illustrate the Lend of Savary Island, B.C. Some of her small wild-flowers exhibit a delightful Walt Disneyish character, somewhat like that seen in his "Fantasia." In her story illustrations, she shows imagination and interesting color combinations, and an example of printing illustrates her versatility. Her scenes of Edmonton from the south side are interesting because of their familiarity to us.


These pictures are open to the public, and anyone is invited to see them.

shortage of fruit, we are unable to carry on with this work. With so many of the former members of the club on active service, we decided to send them Christmas greetings in the form of University Christmas cards. The club serves a very specific and worth-while purpose for the Household Economics club in broadening their outlook and interests in their special field.

Phone 26243

The Management and Staff of
VARSITY TUCK SHOP
extend Christmas Greetings to You
and
Our Very Best Wishes for 1943

THE GATEWAY



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Christmas Edition

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THE snow drifts gently downward, great flakes that clutch at eyelashes and make one's eyes blink. Along the streets the houses are lighted. Shades are undrawn and brilliant patches of light are reflected on the white snow. Inside, cold distant blue, fresh green, warm yellow and warmer red lights adorn the traditional "Christmas" tree. People move about, enjoying themselves, forgetting themselves for this one day.

This is the mental picture conjured up before our mind's eye by mention of the word "Christmas". Sentimental, perhaps, and seldom approaching this in reality, but nevertheless holding enchantment for enthusiastic youngsters and satiated adults with dulled sense of enjoyment.

One day—and then back into a world of harsh realities for another year. How hum-drum things seem afterward! How hard to get back into the old routine!

Susan Coolidge, in a poem entitled "Christmas," expresses the same idea:

"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere,
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

But there is another side to Christmas, more serious, bound up with our religious beliefs, creating, nevertheless, another sentimental picture. Longfellow has expressed it perfectly for us:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men"—a phrase filled with meaning and idealism, but one, we fear, idly mouthed by mankind. How soon we forget in time of peace that peace and goodwill to men are intangibles which must be constantly guarded against encroachment from within ourselves, and from without. As we look around us, counting those who are gone from our midst, some never to return, we cannot repeat these words without praying sincerely for the peace so lightly valued such a short time ago.

And even as we pray, something deep within tells us that these things for which we are paying such a dreadful price today, will be purchased again and again in the future, even as in the past.

For humanity changes little and changes slowly.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

On our front cover we likened 1943 to a ship. This does not mean that it must be launched with a bottle of champagne—or any other kind of a bottle.

Ottawa dispatches tell of a record-breaking snow-storm of twelve and one-half inches, apparently unusual so early in the winter. We hate to boast, but Edmonton can do better than that even without half trying. No danger of not having a white Christmas now.

The recent regulations of the Dominion Government regarding the Christmas examinations has placed everyone on the spot, we

The New University Christmas Cards

Embossed in two colors, are now in.

10 cents each - \$1.00 per dozen

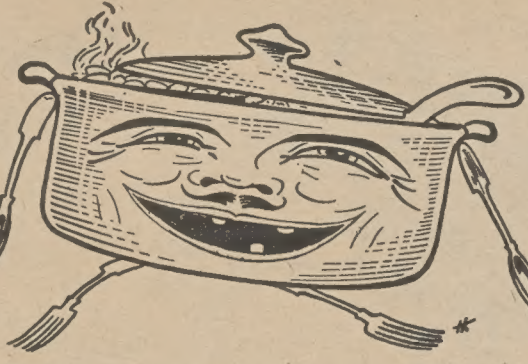
Various assortment of other cards at 5c and 10c

Sale of good Reference Books—25% of original price—Last day of Sale, December 19th

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

CASSEROLE



Here's a few numbers to help you recover from that post-exam. slump.

Pome

I think that I shall never see
A dog that does not love a tree.

A visitor in a hospital became very interested in the charts posted on each patient's bed. He turned to an attendant and said: "I understand that 'Pneu' stands for pneumonia and 'App' for appendicitis, but what does 'G.O.K.' stand for?"

The attendant waved his hand and said: "That means 'God Only Knows'."

Young Lady, carrying pitcher of water in to a couple of Engineers—My hand gets so tired carrying this.

One 40-beer man—Perhaps it's used to carrying vessels of other shapes.

Young Lady (perhaps not catching Engineer's idea, who could?)—Do you think I used to be a chamber-maid in a country hotel?

Manager, pointing to cigarette butt on the floor—Smith, is this yours?

Smith (pleasantly)—Not at all sir. You saw it first.

Here's another version of the three kittens:

There were three little kittens called respectively, Phfft, Phfft-phfft, and Phfft-phfft-phfft. Phfft got sick and the doctor came, but he couldn't do anything, so Phfft died. Then Phfft-phfft got sick, too, and the doctor couldn't do anything for him either, so he died too. By and by Phfft-phfft-phfft got sick and the doctor came to see him. He gave the little kitten a pink pill and told him he'd get well right away. Well, to make a short story long, he did get well, and all the neighbors mentioned that this was an outstanding case of the survival of the phfftst.

Sorry, but that's the way things are.

James—Last night I called on the most correct girl I've ever met.

Thomas—I had a pretty dull evening myself.

Here is another goodie that we heard as having happened. It seems that on the train going to the coast, there were some girls travelling together, and two of them were sharing an upper berth. In the middle of the night one of them got up and after a while climbed back into the berth. There was some difficulty, because it seems Liz had moved away over in the berth, so a monologue ensued:

"For gosh sakes, Liz, move over—say, Liz, you weren't way over when I left—look, Liz, let's sleep spoon style and then we'll both be comfortable—aw, come on, Liz, you ain't being fair—look, Liz, are you going to play cricket?"

A deep male voice answered, "Okay, Babe." Needless to say, the girl left in a hurry. The next morning the girls were trying to get the unfortunate young lady to go to the diner to have breakfast, but she was afraid she'd see the man in question and that he would recognize her, even if she hadn't seen him.

Finally she went, and there was one lone man in the diner. All the girls were more or less taking a good look at him, but he kept staring at the one girl, who became rather annoyed, and began to stare right back as icily as possible. In a few moments a big grin spread across the man's face, as he picked up a spoon and gently waved it back and forth.

Chaste Lucy was so pure, so good,
Bad men passed her by in haste;
They would not think of chasing her
So Lucy was unchased.

May your laughs be many in 1943, and may they be as deep and hearty as those of Edward Arnold or Don Wilson.

feel. The students most of all, because a one-hour examination is too short for a thorough test of knowledge, and because of the danger of "blowing up" and not being able to regain self-control in time; the professors, because they may be accused of lack of patriotism if they pass a greater percentage than usual, even though we know that more studying has been done; the universities, because requirements will not be the same at all colleges. We know the Dominion Government is on the spot as far as the manpower question is concerned.

From campus to campus, across Canada, the word is passing: "Praise the Lord and pass the examinations!"

Thus ends 1942 for The Gateway. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

have nursed since memory of early pioneering days runs not to the contrary.

When there were wild steers to round up, brand and ride herd on, they looked to their horses and equipment. The Round-up Captain did all the talking. Their vision seldom extended beyond flapjacks and sow-belly; their hope was fixed on fresh horses and early sleep—to be ready against the morning. The glory of action and the day's work—the Great North-West arose out of that philosophy. Each, in his own bailiwick, plugged in early and often and the job was done. Then they could look around a bit and see where ways were bad "what better ways may be."

Could we but look into the minds of the heroic defenders of Malta, whose stoic courage is beyond praise, we should find one prevailing thought, "what need we any spur but our own cause?" They exemplify in their fortitude the rarest and purest form of courage. They can not await a new vision—a new hope. They must act, with as abundant a zest for life as is ours. They may die, they will not surrender. Action front is their stimulus; there is a job to do. Morale is heightened in the doing and stays put.

The destruction of dragons—the forces of evil in human shape, is our present job. We must destroy them as a militant world power, render them impotent to disrupt peace and goodwill among nations for years to come.

Field Marshal Smuts, a well tried planner of offensive strategy, a timely counsellor, indicated considerable advances to a better world and a rich life for mankind: "In sober resolution, in modest hope and strong faith, we move forward to an unknown future." The bronzed soldier-statesman reminded us that the hardest part of the job lies ahead.

To attune ourselves amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, means a war of spirit. Sufficient then unto the day is the good thereof. A good day depends on the efforts of all, individually and collectively. We must make it so. There are no nobodies any more.

"There is but one task for all, One life for each to give. Who stands if freedom falls?"

In that dire strait, where is our vision and our hope? Let us get on with the job and do it thoroughly. In the doing we shall create the solid foundation of morale and, in the stately language of the valiant British Commonwealth Leader, "be preserved for further service in the vanguard of mankind."

THE GATEWAY

THE SOLID FOUNDATION OF MORALE

By J. H.

The admonition, "I say unto you that every idle word that men speak, they shall give account thereof," is pregnant with meaning in these days of trial and tribulation. Overborne by external forces, subverted by internal designs, we may perish from lack of fortitude amid a babel of voices, all anxious to be heard on what we are striving for or aiming at, when the world upheaval has subsided and the last bloody battles have been fought and won. Our woes, however, seem the merest ephemera when placed against the background of Time.

The need of "morale," built upon a solid foundation, is repeatedly stressed. "The great unifying idea, the fast resolve; the hope of a better world," is the stimulus advanced by J. B. Priestly in a recent issue of the New York Times Magazine. Out of the welter of generalities we looked for some practical thought to emerge; something to encourage, to revitalize and strengthen present effort.

The hope of a larger freedom—a broader justice—has been the sustaining thought of Christian civilization for well nigh 2000 years; for the conquered as well as the conquering.

Happily, we found this gem in the piece: "It is better to play our own game—keep our own heads—use common sense and laugh sometimes," a hunch Bow River Valley folk fight the good fight; though they

Arise, Master of the Diaper!

The following is an editorial which appeared in the Kingston Whig-Standard. We reproduce it because we feel that it is humorous and because it illustrates the manner in which false impressions of universities and their students are created.

Learning is a wonderful thing. Higher learning is still more wonderful. As one poet says:

I am the owner of the sphere
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.

Universities were founded to encourage the pursuit of learning. Serious minded men realized that nations can only become great if they are led and guided by men of education. The first university founded in Italy goes back to the 9th century; Oxford was founded in the 12th century and Cambridge about the same time. Men gathered in the places of learning to study the wisdom of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Xenophon and other great philosophers and thinkers. In the 14th century the great university of Prague was founded; and coming to modern times Harvard University was founded in the 17th century.

As the years passed by more practical courses were added to the study of the arts and sciences. It has, however, remained for the University of Tampa, in the state of Florida, founded in 1931, to introduce something entirely new.

Socrates may have been an advanced thinker and may have shown his courage by dying rather than recant, but we are willing to wager he never thought far enough ahead to visualize "Baby Day" at a university. Which all goes to show that "the world do move." "Baby Day" at Tampa University (or call it by its more dignified title, "Daughter's Day") sprung from the brain of a great thinker named T. L. Ferris, who has quite evidently drunk deeply from the Pierian spring. According to the latest issue of College Humor, this great aid to learning, "Daughter's Day," has (God have mercy upon us!) received the support of the college. It is supposed to attract prospective students to the university, said "seat of learning" having once been an hotel famous for its Moorish architecture.

We never had much use for co-education, but after reading all about the girl at Tampa U. who won the prize as the fastest, bottle-drinking baby and the ceremony of pinning on the diaper, we are all for it. Of course these ceremonies are preceded by another called "bottoms up." No half measures at Tampa University.

We can see where Tampa U. is going to go over in a big way, not only with philosophers and thinkers and seekers after knowledge, but with fathers and mothers. What mother is there who would not tingle with pride when she learned that her daughter for whom she has saved and sacrificed has won the baby's bottle-drinking contest on "Daughter's Day"? But how much prouder she would be when she learned that in addition her daughter had had a diaper, an old-fashioned three-cornered one, pinned on her by a couple of great thinkers from the Sigma Kappa Nu fraternity. All these bursts of pride, however, would sink into insignificance compared to that which must come when daughter has her photograph taken in a diaper and little else, as she reclines on a chesterfield in the arms of another great male thinker in striped pyjamas. Who will say that Socrates should have refused the hemlock or that John Huss was burned at the stake in vain?

Truly, learning is a wonderful thing. It is making tremendous strides, perhaps all due to co-education. How long will it be if these "halls of learning" keep on supporting these "new ideas" of students until the chancellor of some one or another university, by virtue of some ancient (or modern) charter, says in stentorian tones, "Arise, Master of the Diaper," or "Mistress of the Milk Bottle"?

CORRESPONDENCE

St. Joseph's College, R.C.N.,
University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alta.

Editor-in-Chief,
The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Since I have been out in your part of the country, I have been rather surprised to find that there has been no open invitation to your student dances, through the medium of your paper, for the boys on active service stationed on your campus.

Unless I am very much mistaken, I think that if you will look through your back files of other University papers, that you will find, with very few exceptions, that most of the universities (at least the eastern ones) have been extending these invitations to the boys for quite some time.

There are a great number of boys here who I know would appreciate such an invitation a great deal, as we are all quite some distance from home, and would appreciate the chance to go to a decent dance, as the latter, on the whole, seem to be rather scarce around Edmonton.

I am quite certain that if this privilege could possibly be extended to us after Xmas, when your dances begin, it would be very much appreciated, and also that it would be treated as a privilege, not to be abused.

Thanking you very much for whatever you might be able to do in helping us in this matter, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
C. R. IVEY.

Christmas Greetings


to our

FIGHTING HEROES OF THE SEA—ON THE LAND—
AND IN THE AIR

and to

THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

May 1943 restore "Peace on Earth" and bring to all of us that
HAPPINESS which waits only on VICTORY.



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THE FUTURE

The rise in the general standard of living in Britain during the thirty or forty years that ended with the present war has two morals for us:

Firstly, that new measures to spread prosperity are needed: a plan for social security designed to meet this need and establishing a national minimum over which prosperity can grow, with want abolished.

Secondly, a study of the period between, say, 1900 and 1936, which includes the first World War, proves encouraging, for it shows that it is wrong to assume that the present war must bring to an end economic progress for Britain or for the rest of the world.

After four years of open warfare and diversion of effort from useful production to means of destruction between 1914 and 1918, there followed an aftermath of economic conflict. International trade was given no chance to recover from the war, and Britain entered a period of mass unemployment in her staple industries.

Nevertheless across this wasteful period of destruction and dislocation, permanent forces making for material progress—technical advance and the capacity of human society to adjust itself to new conditions—continued to operate.

Real wealth per head in Britain, with shrunken overseas investments and lost export markets, was substantially higher in 1938 than in 1933, even when we include all her unemployed.

The present war may be even more destructive. It is likely to complete the work of the first World War in exhausting Britain's investments overseas and deprive Britain of another source of earning abroad by her shipping services. In these and other ways will change the economic environment in which the British people must live and work and may call for radical and, in some ways, painful readjustments.

There are bound to be acute difficulties in the transition. Certainly, there are no easy, carefree times in early prospect.

But to suppose that these difficulties cannot be overcome, that the power of readjustment has deserted the British people, that technical advance has ended or can end, that the British of the FUTURE must be permanently poor because they will have spent their father's savings in defeatism without reason and against reason. . . .

Want could have been abolished in Britain before the present war. It can be abolished after the present war unless the British people prove less productive than they and their fathers always have been. There is no sense believing to the contrary.

But the question of whether freedom from want can be attained in the near future depends on four conditions:

Firstly, that the post-war world is a world in which nations set themselves to co-operate for production in peace rather than plotting mutual destruction by war, whether open or concealed.

Secondly, that British economic policy and structure after the war shall be adjusted in such a way as to maintain productive employment.

Thirdly, that a plan for social security—in other words, a plan for maintenance of income—should be adopted free from unnecessary costs of administration and other wastefulness of resources.

Fourthly, that decisions regarding the nature of this plan should be taken during the war. . . .

Freedom from want cannot be forced on a democracy or given a democracy. It must be won by them. Winning it needs courage, faith, sense, national unity—courage to face facts and difficulties and overcome them, faith in our future and ideals, freedom, the fair play for which century after century of our forefathers were prepared to die, a sense of national unity overriding the interests of any class or section.

This plan of social security is submitted by one who believes that in this supreme crisis the British people will not be found wanting in courage, faith or national unity, in material or spiritual power, to play their part in achieving both social security and a victory of justice


(Continued on Page 5)

The Management and Staff of the Sugar Bowl

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Season's Greetings and all good wishes for
Christmas and the New Year

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AND IN THE AIR

and to

THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF THE
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Chinese Universities at War

Based on "China After Five Years of War," a book prepared by the Chinese Ministry of Information and radioed to the U.S.A.

As we sit, complacently, at our studies, often wishing instead that we were out skating or skiing, we should draw our attention to difficulties of college life in other parts of the world.

Let us consider the position of those Chinese students across the waters of the Pacific who have been greatly affected by Japan's war of aggression. Chinese teachers and students have suffered great hardships and privations, but have gone ahead, undaunted, to continue their education if that seemed to be what was best for their country at the time.

For some the war has meant active service in their armies; others have engaged in guerrilla warfare, while still others have been doing social work behind the lines. The indomitable spirit of Chinese students and teachers has been best manifested during their long migrations with their schools from the coast to the interior in the west, and the new difficulties which faced them after they once became established.

Many such migrations have taken place since the beginning of the war, for these cultural institutions were regarded by military authorities as the hot-bed of anti-Japanism. Nankai University in Tientsin was the first victim of destruction, followed in quick succession by one after another. But the students defied their enemy's military might, and launched out on long, often treacherous, journeys to set up their abode elsewhere. The story of difficulties encountered and the undaunted courage shown by the students in meeting these trials is an epic which will go down in history. To the students these Odysseys were in themselves an "education through travel"—someone expressed it as "shoe-sole geography." The story is told of a contingent of army trucks being suddenly brought to a halt, and when the difficulty was discovered it was found that a group

of students had stopped in their travels for a lesson. Here on this out-of-the-way road they were so deeply engrossed in this illustrated lecture with figures drawn in the dust by their professor that they were quite unaware of the approaching trucks.

Students of three universities travelled 800 miles "as the crow flies" to Hunan Province, where they jointly operated a Union University. Then when they again came within range of Japan's air arm, and forty to fifty bombs were dropped on the University, they were forced to make another trek of some 600-700 miles to Yunnan Province, where they established themselves as the National Southwestern Associated University. We must remember, however, that the actual distances travelled were two or three times greater than the above figures indicate, with rivers to cross, mountains to scale and thus many round-about ways to go. Mere mileage, however, gives but an inadequate idea of the stupendousness of these undertakings and of the immense difficulties encountered. Students, teachers and their families and large quantities of equipment and supplies have been transported by rail, bus, boat and foot to their new homes. Such is the repeated story of thousands of students and their faithful professors.

The National Central University in Nanking suffered most in 1937, when it experienced bombing after bombing, till finally all the school buildings were demolished. It was only through the far-sightedness of the Chancellor and the calmness and presence of mind with which the students faced the ordeal that great loss of life was prevented. The school had started packing long before the bombing, and filled 550 boxes with the most valuable books and laboratory equipment.

The next group of migrations took place in the fall of 1938. The land-

ing of the Japanese forces at Bias Bay precipitated the longest and most trying trip, undertaken by 1,300 students and a large teaching staff of the National Sun Yat Sen University, the citadel of higher learning in South China. Just as a matter of interest, picture if you can a similar happening, our whole University of Alberta student body and professors evacuating their buildings and starting, perhaps, on a Northward trek to a new destination. It would certainly involve much more than just the present inconvenience of the Air Force having taken over our buildings. It would mean that the enemy were at hand, and that we must resort to new ways and means of carrying on our education. We only pray that this may never be; but that instead, there may be a movement toward lasting peace which will give students in every country of the world an opportunity to continue their studies unmolested. Then surely must we realize our responsibility as students, placed by happy chance in most fortunate circumstances. It is then only a very small burden we are carrying when we undertake to assist students who are deprived of so much that goes to make up college life and who, in the general program of every day are faced with almost unmountable difficulties and dangers. Such, too, is the plight of many besides the Chinese students.

Outdoing all other migrations is the Odyssey of Oberlin-In-Shansi. This epic trek, covering over a thousand miles of the most difficult terrain under the constant menace of enemy aerial bombs, began in the early days of the war and ended in April, 1939. When the original home of the school in Taiku fell into the hands of the Japanese early in November, 1937, Oberlin-In-Shansi decided to take to the road to seek freedom and safety for its work. The first leg of the journey was made by foot, during which they suffered their first casualties from enemy bombing, to be followed later by similar casualties. They were forced to move a second time. In this journey, hardened by previous experience, they made 400 miles in 23 days. The trip was divided into five sections, and at the end of each section the students rested a full day. Mountains, rivers, ditches, wilderness and all the attendant hardships of the long cross-country hide held no terror for these rough sons and daughters of new China. Besides these dangers and hardships the war meant for them a change from commodious buildings to primitive cottages and temples—such as in Yunchang, their class room was conducted in a Confucian temple. Probably no other high school in all China had finer buildings and better equipment than China's Oberlin, whose campus measured 60 acres and whose buildings were valued at one million Chinese dollars.

The dislocation of the customary centers of higher education naturally had a profound effect on thousands of students. For many of them the flight of institutions meant the loss of educational opportunities, for they, for one reason or another, were unable to follow their alma mater into exile.

For those who have continued their academic career, war-time campus life has been none too rosy. They have had to use double-deck beds in crowded rooms. Mud bricks are piled up to serve as desks and dinner tables. Mat sheds are put up as temporary lecture halls. Oil lamps are generally used for night study. The high price of rice in particular, and of all commodities in general, makes living most difficult. Students often have to attend classes with half-filled stomachs, and "Lights out by 8 p.m." is the ruling of an "oil thrift" movement recently enforced by various schools. The Government has assumed a major share of responsibility for students' relief through the Ministry of Education, and has been assisted by outside organizations such as the International Student Service and others.

As the war has developed, few educational institutions have escaped the enemy's reach. But much to the credit of the students, though the enemy raiders have destroyed their material things, they cannot destroy their spirit.

Indicative of the ingenuity of students is the movement to engage in farming along with their duties. When the war began in 1937 the Chinese Government immediately started to readjust the nation's educational system so as to enable it better to cope with the changed situation. The Department of Education issued a new training program in which faith, character, physique, clean living and service were emphasized. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is leader of a Youth Corps whose dual purpose it is to assist in national mobilization and to lay the foundation of a powerful nucleus to carry out future reconstruction. This Corps has done some very vital work for the war effort and for post-war reconstruction.

Letters from students themselves have proven of much interest. This is what one junior from National Southwestern Associated University writes: "In spite of the physical hardship and material insufficiency, our venerable university is still going undaunted and undeterred. We are all proud to be her students, though to be her students means to suffer."

Aside from strengthening their courage and toughening their bodies the war has yet another beneficial effect on the students. Brought together from every corner of the country, they have achieved through this human contact a conquest of their own provincialism. The in-

THE GATEWAY

Hospital Highlights

T'other day we dressed in our best bib and tucker and came out of hibernation to be entertained by the ladies of the Women's Auxiliary to the Hospital. The event was the formal opening of the sitting rooms that this organization has so kindly furnished for us. It was really a lovely affair, and everyone enjoyed it so much.

The rooms are lovely, the lower one being done in dull rose and blue and the upper one in burgundy and jade. You can sit on the cutest window seats and get the most beautiful view of the city. 'Tis our special pleasure to sit there of an evening and catch up on some dreaming.

Not only are the rooms lovely to look at, but they are a place to relax in; to get away from the worries and trials of the hospital. We think "what's-his-name" knew what he was talking about when he said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We are planning to have a sleigh-ride soon, so you had better be nice to us gals, men—if you like sleigh rides!

Heard a story the other day that was a typical example of what we do when we first enter this institution.

The head nurse, on entering a ward, noticed a problem making a patient skip in the corner.

"Mis Featherbob, what are you doing that for?"

"Well, m'am, I forgot to shake his medicine before I gave it to him, so I am having him do it now!"

termingling of the North and East with the South and West will no doubt lead to inter-marriages, which know no differences in locality, insect or in religion.

So, in the same way, may we be mindful not only of the difficulties arising from this war, but also of the benefits we may derive from it, since it "has to be" or "is." Let us develop an understanding and tolerance of others and a real sense of our part, as students, in this conflict and afterwards in the new order which must come into existence.

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

The Poles are very devout, and to them Christmas is the important event of the year. It is a solemn occasion, and is a day of prayer as well as a day of rejoicing.

There are many traditions and superstitions that have been handed down from generation to generation, and the people are very apprehensive of deviating from them. Thus a more or less strict ritual is observed by the people.

All preparations are made days before. Christmas Eve is a family occasion, and there is no visiting between friends. Just before supper, hay is scattered on the floor as a memorial of the stable of Bethlehem. Often in the corner of the room a replica of the stable is made. A sheaf of wheat is placed in the corner of the stable. The children stand around this stable with the same awe and wonder that the children in Canada stand around the Christmas tree. The father then scatters a handful of hay on the table, and over this a tablecloth is placed. The food is served, and the family seat themselves, leaving an empty space for the Holy Child. The meal is very simple, as Christmas Eve is a day of fasting. In place of meat there is fish or "selachi" as it is called. There is also leavened white bread in place of customary black, and "holopchi."

After supper the older members of the family and the children gather around the open hearth to listen to the story of the birth of Christ. The younger set, both boys and girls, dress themselves up with masks, much in the same way we do on Hallowe'en, and go from door to door, singing carols. The leader of the group carries a small Christmas tree, on top of which is a large white star.

At midnight every member of the family goes to midnight mass, each bringing a gift for the church.

Christmas day is celebrated in much the same way that we do. This is especially true of the middle and upper classes. Probably the greatest difference is in the absence of the exchange of gifts. Christmas trees are not common in the average home.

Christmas day everyone arises bright and early and the feasting begins. The priest takes from house to house small round wafers of flour and water, stamped with the sacred figure, which he blesses. He sprinkles the house with holy water to protect it against any evil. Finally, he sprinkles the sheaf of wheat to insure an abundant crop the following year. The wafers are broken and mutual good wishes are exchanged.

No presents are given, but feasting gives occasion for generous hospitality, and all are welcome and have a place at the table, on which is heaped meat of every description, selachi, "mock", a sauce made of poppy seed, wheat and spices, bolke, and buns made of eggs called "baba," holopchi, parehe, wine, and peppermint candies for the children.

On this day, all old quarrels and grievances are forgotten as the people go from house to house visiting and spreading good cheer.

jabez goes a-shopping . . .

—from the Ubysses

Noel! Noel!

For many years I did my Christmas shopping riding up and down in elevators, biting my finger-nails, and hoping it wasn't true what they said about Santa Claus.

It became increasingly apparent, however, that when people gave me bilious purple ties suffering from acute spotted fever, they expected more in return than a dirty look. Last year, therefore, I bought all my friends gladioli bulbs, the gladioli bulb store being the only one I could enter with any appreciable degree of safety to life and limb. The reception of the bulbs was so impressive that this year I decided I had better buy something else, even though it meant breaking a bill.

Fortified by an extra amount of Mosby's Tonic, I flung myself into the revolving door of a downtown department store. Then I flung myself into it again, and that time I made it, swinging in behind a burly housewife to run interference for me, and fighting a fine, dirty fight until I reached the perfume counter.

"Have you got any perfume?" I asked the girl behind the counter.

"What about 'My Sin'?" she asked belligerently.

"Have we met some place?" I queried, trying to remember her face.

"My Sin' is a scent," she explained testily. "It's two dollars a dram."

I winced. She sprayed some of her sin in the air and I sniffed up about five cents worth.

"Haven't you got an old smell hanging around called 'My Slight Misdemeanor' or something?" I asked, "at about a buck a pint?"

"The garden sprays are on the third floor!" she snapped, walking away.

I shrugged Aunt Martha off my list, and steeled myself for the real test of the day. I approached the counter cautiously to leeward, sidling up to where the salesgirl stood.

"I'd like to see your lines in ladies' underwear," I muttered, out of the corner of my mouth.

She misinterpreted my manner.

"Don't get personal, bub!" she snarled.

"Yes, ma'am," I croaked, scuttling away into the crowd.

I gulped down a drink of pineapple juice to calm my nerves, pulled myself together, and hurled back into the fray. I came up on the other side of the stall.

"What do you sell here?" I asked warily.

"Why, ladies' underwear!" replied this girl, somewhat surprised.

"Show me some!" I whispered, peering around, on the alert for ap-proaching boy friends.

"What kind would you like?"

"It's not for me, it's for my sister," I said impatiently.

"Well, what kind would your sister like?" she laughed. "A slip?"

"Show me a slip," I nodded desperately.

"What size?"

I wiped the perspiration from my brow.

"You mean they come in sizes?" I mumbled, hoarsely.

"Yes," she said.

"Just a minute," I groaned, hurrying off for another slug of pineapple juice.

Properly fortified, courage instilled, I returned to the struggle, determined not to be beaten down.

The salesgirl was waiting for me. "Maybe you'd like some Snuggies?" she said.

"Snuggies?" I gulped.

"Yes," she volunteered. "They're like Huggies, only longer."

I loosened my collar.

"Like Huggies, only longer, eh?" I nodded. "Something like Stan-

field's Red Label longs, maybe?"

She sighed wearily.

"How about a combination set?" I shook my head nervously.

"This girl's too dumb to figure out a combination," I muttered. "Look. Wrap up some Snuggies, throw in a couple of Huggies, and then show me where I can get a cheap prayer rug."

She went away to bundle up something or other to get rid of me. But when she came back her nose started to twitch queerly.

"Say," she said, leaning over the counter, "what perfume are you using?"

I drew myself up.

"I am not using any perfume," I stated crisply. "I was just over there—"

"Hey, Mabel! Come and smell this guy's perfume! It's cute!"

"My dear young lady," I protested, "what you smell is merely a demonstration of 'My Sin'! —"

But Mabel and several eager cohorts were bearing down from the east, so that retreat seemed the wisest move. I stalked away, only to hear a stentorian bellow behind me:

"Hey! You forgot your panties!"

At least three hundred people stopped dead in their flight, staring to discover who had forgot his panties. There was no going back, now; no return, never. I strode out into the rain, with head high and step firm. I knew where I was going.

Now, friends, here's the way to get the best results from those gladioli bulbs—

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Christmas, 1942

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for a

Cheery Christmas

and a

Happy New Year



Woodland

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wish the Students and Faculty of the University of Alberta

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS

and

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

SUGAR AND SPICE - - -

By S. D. M.

The way I got mixed up with Jeanie was all my kid sister's fault. I wish now I had kept my mouth shut about how wonderful fraternities were, when I was in my first two years of University. Ma was always interested in what we kids were doing, and it was fun to tell her about the pie fights and jazz sessions that went on, and to see her great dark eyes get that shine in them like the "Nugget" shine I get on my shoes when I polish them. I never really noticed that Bab's eyes lit up the same way, until it was too late.

I still think it was a mistake her going to Varsity the next year, but she was set on it, and everyone knows that once Babs is set on something there's nothing going to unset her. I guess it's all right to say here that Babs is pretty—she won't be reading this—in fact, she's the prettiest Freshette on the campus. But being her brother, I have to watch that her head doesn't get swelled, so naturally I never tell her these things. In fact, it's a full-sized job keeping her in her place, with those long-legged college men giving her the gleam, and keeping our telephone wire hot from before sunrise almost until long past sunset. So I just keep on reminding her about her freckles and green eyes, and telling her that her hair reminds me of a stop light, and altogether I manage to remain the "top dog" at our house. More or less, anyway. Why, there was a time when every college man I met said, "Oh! Babs' brother?" It got so that I used to wait for the light to begin creeping up from their chins clear to their eagerly raised eyebrows. It always reminded me of the way a boy's "Adam's apple" climbed up his skinny neck after a gulp. Maybe having a pretty sister has its advantages, though. Certainly my fraternity got the most and the best of the men this year, and one of her swains, who is a Chemistry genius, writes up my lab reports for me now.

But to get back to the beaten track. Babs simply had to join a sorority. She had a wonderful time being rushed, and she was crazy about all the sororities. It was awful the time she had deciding which one she liked the best. I used to sit and give her my opinions on all of them, working from their traditions and standards clear down to, and in-

cluding, the girls. I am a Junior this year, and I flattered myself that, as far as University women are concerned anyway, I had begun to see the light. Being older and wiser at this point, however, I am going to have to admit that one woman can outsmart any ten men.

Well, anyway, Babs did finally join a sorority—and I do mean "join." She moved in on it heart and soul, and with that unending enthusiasm of hers which has always scared me. She nearly drove me crazy singing sorority songs and learning sorority yells. She would start at 7 o'clock in the morning while I was trying to get my extra half-hour sleep (I didn't have to put on make-up or comb long locks) and continue through breakfast, and even hum gently as I walked her to classes. I finally had to start living at my frat. house in self-defense. Babs had her room done over in her sorority colors, and hung pictures of her sisters in every available room in the house. I didn't mind that so much (they were all good-looking), until one day she appropriated a frame which contained an oil painting over which I had slaved for long hours one day when I was feeling particularly artistic, and in it she put the picture of her sorority mascot (a mangy little twerp of a dog with no recognized pedigree). That was what hurt, and I really got burnt up about it, but I didn't say much, because Did and I have learned that you have to humor females. It makes life bearable for a little longer.

One Saturday afternoon Babs phoned me frantically from her sorority house, saying that there was a little bit (half an hour at the most) of manual work to be done, and no one to do it. Her sisters were breaking arms, necks, and backs (so she said anyway) trying to get moved around and more comfortably settled. She said the girls were weeping in despair and flooding the whole house, and begged me to forget that the Age of Chisely was then in process, and to give the Age of Chivalry an encore just for that afternoon. I planted my feet firmly on what I thought was the ground (it must have been the air, really) and said a firm "No!" in what I hoped was a stern and unbending tone. Needless to say, half an hour later I was ringing her sorority doorbell. As I did so, I heard a cheer go up, and twenty or twenty-five females swept down the staircase en masse, and hurled themselves upon me. If it had been possible for me to make my escape at that late moment, I would have done so. The expressions on their faces reminded me much too much of how twenty hens could be expected to look had an unsuspecting little worm arrived at their hen party. As far as I could see, they all looked hale and hearty, and as capable of manual labor as I was. Nor did I see any traces of tears. Everyone (excluding myself) looked jolly and very happy about the whole thing. By the time I had recovered from the onslaught, and picked up chin up off the floor, I found myself encased in a large frilly apron, and what I suspected must be a "mob cap" was reposing artistically over one ear and one eye. And this is the point at which Jeanie came.

Jeanie is small and blonde with very blue eyes and an angelic expression, which is mostly camouflage. Not that she isn't sweet, mind

you, but she reminds me of a small, beautiful stream that babbles merrily through green woods, and when you look into it, you find it's awfully deep. Well, that's Jeanie. She's had her own way up to this point in her life, and she sees no reason why she shouldn't have her own way for the balance. And she knows how to get it, too.

Jeanie struggled into my line of vision that day carrying a large sink. So, being a gentleman (under compulsion, you understand), I valiantly took the sink from her and, under her directions, staggered down to the basement with it, secretly wondering en route where she packed the beef to even lift it. (Apparently the sink had been in one of the bedrooms and had not been in use for some years.) As it turned out, the basement wasn't the right place for it, so I carried it to the attic. There was more room there after all, Jeanie said. And then I painted the veranda and front steps—not only once, but twice, because their mascot didn't read the "Wet Paint" sign and pranced all over the porch, with Jeanie shouting at his heels. Between the two of them, they managed to track the place up considerably.

Next I helped Jeanie clean out an old closet which contained, as far as I could see, dirt, magazines, old shoes, a rifle, a "No Parking" sign, dirt, five Freshman hats of varying designs, and in varying degrees of disrepute, a girdle, the house cat, an empty bottle (Eko's Fruit Salts), and more dirt. Incidentally, while Jeanie was sweeping it out, she hit me in the eye with the broom handle. After that, my left eye closed rapidly.

During the course of the afternoon I put on storm windows, fixed the vacuum cleaner (I got an awful shock doing that. Someone plugged the switch in while I was still working on the cleaner), and at 5 o'clock settled myself to wash the dog, while Jeanie settled herself to talk me into taking her to my fraternity Rushing Party that night. I just got Bowser nicely soaped when he jumped clean into and then over me, and raced madly around the yard, wagging his tail and having the time of his life. He was only caught when I hurled myself, tackle style, on a flashing object covered with soap, dead leaves, the good earth and pine gum. Oh, well—I never did like that new sports jacket of mine anyway. By six o'clock I was wishing I had obeyed orders and turned out for rugby practice. It would have been easier and less dangerous. Just to put a good finish on everything, people kept turning up with cameras to get candid shots of me. I have been blackmailed by them ever since.

When I finally escaped, I was dated for every dance this year (including the party that night), by Jeanie, and I had myself a steady girl friend. Now I lend her nickels when she is broke and I have a class and can't take her to Tuck, and I call for her when she is visiting late at night (on foot now that gas and tires are rationed), so that she won't have to walk home alone, and I have learned to like potato chips because she is crazy about them. Now and then I do beat her into submission, but I am always so exhausted when I finish that I don't care what she

Christmas Sidelights from Abroad

A Ukrainian Christmas

The Ukrainian Christmas is celebrated on the 7th of January—or to say it properly, on the 25th of December, according to the Junian Calendar, which is still used in the Greek Orthodox churches, and which is 14 days later than in the Georgian Calendar.

Even before the Christian Era this was traditionally a festive day. The victory of light over darkness was the celebrated occasion, the days lengthening from December 21 on. Some of the songs and carols from that period are still in use, although Christianized to a certain extent.

Christmas is preceded by four weeks of lent, during which time children learn to sing carols, both old and new, and organize themselves into groups. These groups go carolling from house to house on Christmas Eve.

The Christmas Eve really belongs to the children. All day everyone must fast. Mothers prepare supper, which must have twelve courses. Cooked wheat, with honey and poppy seed, is the outstanding dish. Fish, mushrooms, peas, dehydrated fruits

DEAR SANTA

Dear Santa Claus:

I have moved from my old address of last year, and since you may not be able to get a Telephone-Address Book, as they say that they are giving them away only to those whose names are in it, and I noticed that yours was missing, I decided that I had better let you know immediately about my new address. I live now in Gutter Hole 444 More. Just come down the Bank of the Saskatchewan River and halfway between the High Level and Whitmud Creek you will find my Hovel.

I would like to have for Xmas just one or two things, and I hope that they are not rationed:

A few ties—I will return those brown and purple ones you gave me last year as I did not wear them.

A car with 5 new tires and a big ration book—I am tired of pedalling that one around that you left last year.

A few good marks for Xmas and the Final Exams. The ones you left last year were very bad. Everybody said so, too.

A very nice lovely Brunette—of course, if the demands have been too great on brunettes, I will settle for a blonde, even a red-head.

That is about all I can think I need for the present. If I should think of anything else that I may need, I will drop you another note.

Yours sincerely,
IZZY IK.

does, and so she carries on just as she had intended to do.

So you see what a kid sister can let you in for. Not that I'm sorry I met Jeanie, you understand, but, oh my! wolffing used to be a lot of fun, and that stag line looks lost without me.

Engineers Only

Slide Rule Slants

Pull up a beer and we'll take one more whack at this shovel before Santa comes.

Trust The Gateway. If any outfit can bawl up a story—it's Casserole. Take that one in the last issue about the butcher backing into the meat slicer.

The way we heard it was the reason for the lateness of every Gateway. It seems that the editor is continually backing into the paper cutter and getting a little behind in his work—which explains Casserole's condition this year.

Aggie—I just brought home a skunk.

Med—Where ya gonna keep him?

Agg—Under the bed.

Med—How about the smell?

Agg—Oh, he'll just have to get used to that.

There was a young AAA named Gedunk,

Made sure at Christmas, he'd flunk,

For in Manure 55

The produce he derived

Like eau de cologne, had stunk.

The slide-rule basketball organization seems to be having a little trouble getting the ball rolling this year. There may have been a few set-backs, but the plumbers can be relied on to make a good showing after Santa has been—as long as he doesn't leave too many of those Camrose Christmas cards around.

But the hockey team promises to be right up on top this winter, and that championship should cinch the Bulletin Trophy for the beermen.

The following are a few Christmas exam tips for your Freshmen Engineers, gleaned from some of the so-called advanced students:

A litre is a nest of young pigs.
H₂O is hot water, CO₂ is cold water.

An example of hard water is ice.

First Co-ed—My boy-friend had 19 cases last week and lost five of them.

Second Co-ed—That's not bad for a lawyer.

First Co-ed—Yes, but he's an Engineer.

Last issue an up-and-coming lawyer presented a few rules on how to study. Such rules may be all right for female Arts students, fish and stuff, but for the rest of the undergraduates we herewith present

the system of a model undergraduate.

First thing in the morning you head overtown for your daily ration of 40 ounces. You are second in the line, that robust gentleman in front of you is Acting Squadron Leader William "Big Time" Martin, our ideal, whose system of cramming we now enumerate:

1. After purchasing your 40 ounces and ordering an 8-gallon keg, dangle over to the local pub and spend your first 10 with the general public. This is important, as it will give you a stimulant to improve yourself.

2. At home reserve a desk in the corner for drinking.

3. On your head place 8½ ounces of finely divided ice.

4. Place your feet in a bath of 3 parts Lethbridge to 2 parts Hennessy's.

5. Sip your 40 ounces slowly—remember it has to last all day.

6. After catching up on your correspondence and reading the latest issue of "Exciting Love," you are ready to begin.

7. Phone up Helen or some such and place her in a quiet corner opposite you.

8. Ration yourself to one look at Helen for each problem completed.

9. You can't lose.

The drunkard's wife called out to him as he came home in a sad condition.

"Come, John, and get into bed."
"I might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

Well, here's to a sober holiday, men, and we'll see all of you (get that?) next term.

ODE

This poem is dedicated to the author of

Slide-Rule Slants.

A wondrous life this Varsity,

It has us all right up a tree.

We sweat and study to get through

And work like morons do;

And slaving, turn down dates galore,

Only to hear those words so sore

Ring in our ears from day to day—

"See you in Camrose New Year's Day."

(You just can't win.)

The highest yielding variety of wheat in the drier areas of the south and east portions of the province of Alberta is Canus, a production of the University of Alberta.

are prepared in various ways. Only oil is used for fat.

The house must be cleaned—everything must be cleaned. The table is set with hay (symbolizing Christ's birth on hay in a manger), and covered with the most festive linen tablecloth. Three loaves of bread, with a head of salt on top, are put in the middle of the table to show the traditional welcome for the guests.

The supper is not to be begun until the evening star is seen by the children, who watch for it. When it is seen the mother puts all the food on the table. Incense is used by the father, who carries it over the food and says the 50th Psalm. All members of the family must say the prayer. When it is finished, all sit down at the table to the supper.

After supper the children (individually or in groups) go singing carols from house to house. They are each paid a penny, or a bun, or an apple. They continue this until midnight. Older boys go singing carols in bands (with music).

Also after supper mothers fill dishes with the food that is left from supper and carry it to the poorer families, as it is a tradition that no one should go hungry on Christmas Day. Best wishes and gifts are exchanged on Christmas Eve.

The next day, Christmas Day, is a church day. Mass begins at 2 a.m. Church services are held each morning for the three following days. People visit each other, and exchange best wishes and gifts.

A Chinese Christmas

Christmas? Just another day of trudging on. The heavy trudging of myriad feet: a hundred and forty million plodding to the interior, twelve million more tramping to the frontier, and twelve hundred thousand rushing before the rapidly rising waters of the Yellow River. There is no stopping. Where is Christmas?

There was a Christmas, in days of peace: not our Christmas, but China's own Christmas. It was the Christians of China, of course, who celebrated Christmas; though the rest recognized Christmas as a holiday, they made New Year's, when they worshipped their foods in the temple, eating it 'mid the smoke of incense, the big event of the season. The Christian, on the other hand, ate his annual chicken at Christmas. He hadn't our Christmas cakes, but many small "tasties" — a form of cookie rich in spices—took their place. His Christmas flower was not our poinsetta or Christmas cactus, but a lily has special significance to him. His household would have good luck, if the flower bore a double blossom; and bad luck if there were no blossoms. He had his Santa Claus even in South China where there is no snow; but his Christmas gifts are simple, often merely cards of good luck. In fact, he carries none of his festivities to the extremes which constitute our Christmas cheer. The Christmas tree, like all art in the Orient, is beautiful because of its simplicity.

Its needles, two or three inches long, have only a few articles of adornment, but these are so artistically placed that the tree remains a tree.

They begin their choral singing about four in the morning, and continue on into the day, for the Chinese remember their Confucius, the originator of our proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise . . ." What a good day it was! No one broke the pleasant politeness of the day with unkind words, for that would bring certain bad luck. And how trying that day would be for us, for this was also the day when all the relatives arrived.

These last years, the relatives are still gathering in China; gathering in the fields, along the roadside, before the blazing fires of their former homes. There is little need for the son to come home on furlough. They are all moving on and on with courage and resolution. Led by Madame and Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, they fight on, still free. The homeless, numbering seven times the population of Canada, remember Christmas still, in the hollows they have blasted in the mountains of the interior; the festivity of Christmas is gone till victory comes, but everywhere the spirit of Christmas grows stronger: their Christmas wish "I wish you much luck," has left its family walls and stretches across a nation.

G. L. W.


"My feet hurt."
"What's the matter?"
"I've been biting my nails again."

—"Early to bed and early to rise," could it be, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?"



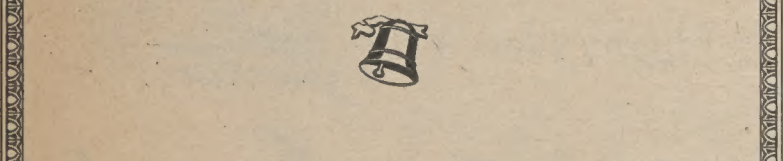
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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

From Private to Field Officer

By L.A.G.

As a child I was given tin soldiers and a popgun with which to amuse myself. For hours I would wage mock battles on the floor of my room, using the pattern on the carpet to denote fortifications, rivers, mountains, and general geographical contours. Whenever re-enforcements were required, I would use the marbles from my large collection. Their individual colors marked their allegiance. On occasions I invited a brother or two in to play, but I soon abandoned this procedure as I found that their conceptions of warfare and mine were not in agreement, and the afternoon would often end in a real battle instead of a mock one. They were forever moving their troops too rapidly to be practical, and would make the most unseemly moves which would quite upset my stratagems.

As I became older, the game of "cops and robbers," "good guys and bad guys," and "cowboys and Indians" held my attention. Sometimes I was with the law, sometimes against it. In every case, I was a chief and therefore responsible for drawing up the plans for attack and retreat. The episodes all served to train my mind in the ways of military tactics far beyond the interest of the average youth of my age.

Having reached the point where such antics were labelled childish, I feverishly turned my attention to the study of the great battles of history. Here I proved to my satisfaction that without a doubt I had possibilities. Usually I took the side of the loser, and invariably I found that if I had been present at the time, defeat would have been turned into victory, and the Goths would never have sacked Rome, Napoleon would have taken Moscow, and Germany would have won the last war. However, this was not meant to be.

When the war broke out, having decided to give myself to the service of my country, I enlisted with the reserves. I felt sure that I would prove to be of great value to my native land, and bring great distinction to my family and to those who

should follow after me. The authorities, however, do not immediately recognize my military ability and adhere old-fashioned to the rule that a man must prove himself in the ranks. Hence they insisted that I indulge in such mundane and routine measures as rifle drill, marching, and so on. I felt it would be possible to endure these, as they would be but means to an end. Somehow I have never become proficient in these arts.

For instance, keeping in step proved to be a real problem, and I haven't really solved it yet. I knew that when the Sergeant shouted "Left" he meant that I should put my left foot down, and when he shouted "Right" I should put my right foot down. The first difficulty was in deciding just what he did say. Our Sergeant's diction and enunciation was very faulty, and because I mentioned the fact to him he made me run about six hundred yards to a telephone pole and back again. Still a series of sounds similar to those made by a person suffering from the hiccups still seems to be a foolish way to call the step. I did learn that "Hep" means left and "Hipe" meant right; thus when he shouted "Hep" I immediately lowered my left foot and raised my right, and when he shouted "Hipe" I lowered my right foot and raised my left. This, however, always put me out of step, for when he called "Hep" and I was moving my left foot, the "Hipe" followed so closely behind that my left foot just reached the ground as he shouted the "Hipe". This caused considerable disorder in the ranks. On one occasion when I tried to bring my steel heel down loudly enough for the Sergeant to notice how confusing he was becoming, I contacted the toe of the gentleman behind me, and he howled with pain. When I stopped to apologize, the whole line telescoped and pushed me over. This caused a pile-up, and from the depths I could hear the Sergeant cry, "Halt!"

When he had unpiled the men and rescued me from the bottom of the

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

After Lord Byron

When Mary first approached the Hall of Learning,
Her favorite mutton followed close behind;
Nor did false shame set Mary's cheeks ablazing—
To scoffs and jibes she was as deaf and blind.
For Mary's little heart was young and innocent,
Nor did she realize what dreadful sin it meant.

There was a sound of devilry all right
When Mary, lamb behind her, entered school;
The children were agog with wild delight
And all the boys commenced to play the fool.
The whole assemblage was, as I have said, agog,
But none so wholly as our worthy pedagogue.

Parley was brief. The lamb must go outside
Because "A lamb just couldn't come to school."
This was the only answer said or sighed—
A narrow-minded, idiotic rule.
But ere the lamb was put beyond the door,
Poor Mary said good-bye to it once more.

"Little mutton, you must leave,
Leaving me behind to grieve
Over you last parting baa's;
Yet we'll meet 'neath other stars—
Hear me say before you go,
Little lamb, I love you so!

"Little mutton, we must part;
Leave me, but within your heart
When you have ecome a sheep
Think of me, and softly weep.
Little mutton, white as snow—
Ah, my life, I love you so!"

E. D. S.

heap, he looked at me and said, "Well?" I straightened my tunic and pulled my trousers back up to my armpits.

"Sergeant," I said, "Marshal Foch was a soldier and a gentleman. I honor that title, and because I trod upon this gentleman's toe, I wished to apologize. Really, Sergeant, the fault lies with you as you make marching much more difficult than it should be."

The Sergeant smiled very slightly and with his second finger pushed his nose flat against his face. Then he asked, "And how would you do it, Mr. Foch?"

"Well," I began, ignoring the thrust, "it is against regulations to anticipate commands, as you yourself declared the other day in rifle drill, and I quite agree with that point. Where would the Canadians have been if they had anticipated an order to retreat during the first gas attack of the last war? But let me demonstrate what I mean Sergeant."

"Go on," he said, pulling his fingers and making his knuckles crack. "You shouldn't do that, Sergeant, it will give you big knuckles," I said softly. "Now, when you call 'Left' or 'Hep' as you prefer to say, I place the left foot forward. But you seem to expect the left foot to strike the ground at the same time as you utter the word. This, Sergeant, would be anticipating the order," I exclaimed triumphantly. "I think it should be like this: 'Left', then the click of the heel; 'Right' click, 'Left' click, and so on."

This evidently disturbed the Sergeant, as he was making white lines on his cheek with his fingers. "Do you mind," he asked, "if we continue my way until I notify headquarters and inform them that they have been wrong all these years?"

"Not at all, Sergeant," I replied heartily. We proceeded without much trouble, except that I kept kicking the heels of the man in front of me, and the man behind me constantly walked on my ankles.

Sometimes I think our Sergeant was being deliberately difficult and confusing. We hadn't proceeded much further along the road when the Sergeant faced us into a platoon from the column of route. We proceeded to advance as a platoon in a long-drawn-out line.

"Platoon will retire," shouted the Sergeant, and I sighed with relief as I reached for that infernal collar clasp that had been gouging my Adam's apple for the past half-hour. "About turn," continued the Sergeant, and I realized that I had been tricked. I didn't think much of the army method of turning about as it implied a lot of needless calculation.

gions, such as which foot you should be standing on when the command was given, which foot you should start the pivot on, and which foot you should lead off with. I executed my own simple turn and heard the Sergeant roar, "Watch those about turns." I ignored the remark. Then he became obscure again. "Platoon will move to the right—left turn." I started to turn right, but checked myself as I saw the face of my companion instead of the back of his head, and executed a quick reverse.

This command had somewhat irked me, so I said, "I wish he would make up his mind; he's completely addled."

"Halt!" shouted the Sergeant. "Who said that?" he growled, looking at me. I said nothing until I noticed that all the men were looking at me, too. This fact embarrassed me, but I knew I shouldn't speak unless I was addressed, and silence seemed the most discreet move at the time, so I remained silent.

The Sergeant continued to stare, so I mustered my courage and with a weak smile said, "Hello."

The Sergeant's red face grew almost purple, and he shook like an aged person. He didn't look at all well, but I refrained from mentioning the fact for fear it would be psychologically bad for him.

"Quick march!" he gasped, and we started off again.

"Platoon will retire, left turn." I wasn't caught this time, as I was ready for him.

"Platoon will move to the right, left turn."

"This is plain damn silly," I said. "The man doesn't know his left from his right."

"Halt!" screamed the Sergeant, and we all stopped. I had heard of men doing odd things when emotionally aroused, but never before had I seen a person try to eat a hat, particularly one of those army hats. The Sergeant was stuffing his hat into his mouth. Suddenly he started towards me deliberately. I didn't particularly relish his expression, so I mustered my best smile, and said, "Goodbye," and turned to run. However, there were too many men in the road. The Sergeant rapidly recovered, for he began to swear most horribly, and to stamp his feet.

"Count to ten, Sergeant," I reminded him. Evidently the Sergeant doesn't believe in this policy, for I'm in the guardhouse with a black eye. Moreover, I have peeled more potatoes than I ever realized existed—and there are more to come.

It hardly seems fair to treat a prospective officer in this manner, but if the welfare of my country demands self-sacrifice — well, I'll endure.

give something. How did I ever get so practical?

I think, Santa, I shall let you alone—and let you get on with your converted toy factory. What about those dwarfs you have? Are they still digging away for gold and tin-sel? You should tell the war authorities your method of digging under a mile of ice and snow to get at the precious metals and rubies. You must have bought a lot of war bonds. I imagine the United States government has taken over your reindeer and sled to do some reconnaissance work over the Aleutian islands. Well, there are only 60 seconds in a minute, so I must be off and spare you the time.

Affectionately yours,
WAR CHILD.

I have trouble with my classes.—Not getting honors, but getting passes.

I do my best to understand, To escape reprimand. This December there will be Christmas and catastrophe. A problem bothers me all night, I simply cannot get it right—I ask to have it done for me And gape at its simplicity.

Chorus:
With great surprise,
Once I am shown,
I realize
I should have known.

The Princess And The Star

By S.D.M.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, when the earth was very small because it had only just been born, there lived a lovely Princess in a big palace with her father. The Princess had very blue eyes that twinkled and danced just as her own little feet did, and her hair was as dark as the night. And do you know, one evening a little star got lost looking for the night, and at last when it was very, very tired from wandering, it saw the darkness of the Princess's hair, so it flew over on its sparkly wings and nestled in the velvety blackness of her curls. The Princess, who had been lost herself once, was so sorry for the lost baby star that she let it stay there. In the daytime the star slept, but when night came it woke up and rubbed its eyes and stretched and settled itself happily to watch over the Princess.

One day her father, the King, decided that the Princess was old enough to be married. But do you think he knew anyone whom he considered good or wise or wonderful enough to marry his daughter? No! He turned over in his mind the son of every one of his friends, but not one of them could do. After thinking for a long time, the King decided that if anyone could tell him what to do, the breezes could, for they wandered every day over his whole kingdom, and there was not much into which they did not poke their funny little snub-noses. So after consulting them, the King sent messengers into every part of the land to proclaim to everyone that his daughter's hand was to be given to the man who brought her what she considered the most beautiful gift in the world.

Of course, princes and earls and dukes and lords began to arrive almost immediately, bringing with them the most precious gifts that they could find anywhere. And each day the Princess sat on her tiny throne beside her father's big throne, and looked at the gifts. She admired them all, but they never seemed to be just exactly what she wanted, and deep inside of her a little voice kept saying "No." During these days the little star stayed awake the whole time, just to make

sure that the Princess did not make a wrong choice.

There were wonderful things—a cob-web rope spun by the royal family of spiders; a crown of pearls, and a blue cape made of the wind (everybody knows, of course, that the wind is blue), and lined with a sunset so that it would be warm. You can't realize how near the Princess came to stretching out her small white hand to take the cape when she saw it. If it had not been for the little voice and the little star, both of whom assured her that there was something more wonderful than a cape, goodness knows but what she might have married the wrong man. So the Princess went on shaking her black curls sadly at the fruit and flowers and at the golden slippers; at the gold and purple birds that sang the sweetest songs she had ever heard, and at a rain-cape made from dew-drops which the queen of the fairies had hardened with her magic wand. One day even offered her a magic potion which he claimed would make her more beautiful. (The King had him driven from the land for daring to suggest that the Princess could possibly be more beautiful.)

At last one day, when the sun was just setting and the servants were beginning to light candles throughout the great palace, the most handsome prince of all was announced. The Princess looked at him and saw that his hands were empty, and being tired after the long day, she was a little bit annoyed. So she drew herself up until she was as tall as she could possibly make herself, and then she said haughtily: "You have no gift for me, I see."

"Oh, but I have," replied the Prince. "My gift is love."

The Princess was at a loss to understand this statement, but the little star understood, and it opened its eyes wider and twinkled at the Prince.

"But I can not eat, or see, or hear love," the Princess exclaimed in surprise.

The Prince smiled in amusement, and then he said, "No, but you can feel it," and taking her little soft hand he kissed it gently. And sure enough! the Princess did feel it, and it was more precious and wonderful than anything she had ever known. The little star in her hair kept whispering, "Go on, this is it," and the little voice inside her kept saying the same thing, so the Princess said that she would be his bride that very night.

Now, this is where the story ends, but I must tell you first how, as the Princess stood at the altar, dressed all in white, she was so beautiful that eleven more little stars flew from the sky and nestled in her hair, and made for her a shining crown. And this was the little lost star's wedding present to the Princess.

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A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

from

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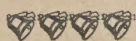
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"Now where did I put
those Sweet Caps?"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



Co-ed Parade

One Man's Opinion . . .

Many of the co-eds have acquired the idea that it is modern to be sloppy. Day after day they enter the classroom with their hair in such a state of disarray that more than one male has remarked that they must have left it just as it was when they crawled from bed. One young miss—a rather attractive girl, with long golden-brown hair—would be far more attractive if she took the time to comb her hair. My friend and I used to occupy the seats directly behind hers, but the effect of looking at the matted hair every other day was so disgusting that we moved our seats. Some of the girls seem to prefer the up-swing coiffure. When this style is hastily arranged there are generally several long wisps left hanging over the collar of the girl's dress. It would be far better if these girls let "their hair down" and kept their necks covered. Here is that pert looking brunette. She seems to take care of her hair, or perhaps she is blessed with hair that doesn't require much attention. There is one wayward ringlet that sometimes falls over her forehead, but this is not untidy—it is cute.

Dress is largely a matter of indifference with most Varsity girls. Where on earth they can find so many ill-fitting, sloppy, careless attires I don't know. Their sweaters don't fit—and so many want to be "sweater-girls." I like a sweater that touches the body in more places than the shoulders and hips. If a girl has curves, a sweater should accent them. Compare our campus miss with the working girl. The business girls' sweaters are smart, fitted and worn in well chosen combinations; many of our misses slop around in three-quarter length gunny sacks of various colors. If these girls think that because a sweater costs a great deal it is smart, they are wrong. True, it is worth something to be comfortable (if such garments are comfortable), but some co-eds seem to be able to combine taste, neatness and comfort to good effect. Stockings now are a matter of taste—same young ladies insist on wearing them, which is just fine, if they are in good repair. Nothing destroys the beauty of a pair of shapely legs so completely as a pair of stockings seamed with mended "runs." One young lady in class this morning stretched out a pair of very shapely lower limbs in stockings lined with "runs"; the effect was "no appeal." Not many girls would hold a secretaryship with mended stockings. There are a large number of girls on the campus who have abandoned stockings for class wear because of the cost and the difficulty of keeping them in good repair. They answer the argument of the warmth provided by silk stockings with the remark, "I certainly can't see anything warm about a pair of stockings that have become wet or damp with snow." Generally speaking, the dress of the campus co-ed this year is far neater and more tasty than it was last year. Perhaps this situation is due to the girls being able to earn their own

clothing money by replacement of men in industry.

Men's clothing on the campus is far more standardized than is the women's attire. If we exclude army uniforms, which are fitted only to the degree that there are pants and jackets, size being relative to what position you occupied in the line when the clothes were handed out, and air force uniforms which, though more fitted, haven't proved their ability to retain a press any better than the army outfits, we can only judge the regular suits and sports ensembles which the men feature. Most of the boys are neatly dressed; I am not considering the quality of the clothing, nor the variety of dress worn by each individual. A large percentage of Varsity men come to college "the hard way," earning enough money to pay tuition and board during the summer and hoping to be able to save enough during the term to buy a new suit. The suit becomes an all-purpose garment, and therefore has to be of dark material so it will be presentable for evening as well as day wear. Style becomes a secondary consideration. Most of the men press their pants regularly so that there is generally a crease line to keep the trousers from constantly standing "at ease." Most men are careful about their shirts. Colored shirts are preferred, as there are many more days of wear secured from a shirt which doesn't reveal every speck or stain. Many men do not understand the technique of knotting a tie, but feel that so long as there is a tie draped about their neck all is well. This helps to give the shirt collars that "rolled up" appearance, which to most people tell a tale of overwear and much perspiration. Matching of clothing is a matter of indifference with the men; ties, socks and coat pocket handkerchiefs are chosen indiscriminately. Garters are not worn, and stockings get that "down-around-the-ankle" look which is anything but neat. The shortage of rubber has not taken garters from the market, and for the sake of a neat appearance they should be worn.

Freshmen Engineers appear to be the proponents of the sweatshirt, leather jacket and old trouser apparel, which is to my mind the counterpart of the three-quarter length "gunny-sacks" worn by the campus miss. Perhaps such clothing is good enough for the Engineers; perhaps it is necessary because of the type of work they are doing, but it does create a definite high-school flavor. The contrast lies with the few campus males who are gifted enough to dress smartly in "modern" clothes with a minimum of expenditure. Many fellows seem to spend a fortune on clothing, but when they do dress for some occasion, their appearance is still inferior to that of their less extravagant classmates.

Shoes are neglected in both male and female circles in the majority of cases. The army demands that attention be given to footwear, the University doesn't; hence some shoes are polished once a week, some are polished daily — the difference is obvious.

Perhaps more people should heed parental warnings and advice on neatness; perhaps if they did, more people would be more careful in their choice of clothing and their manner of wearing their clothes.

Love--Sue

Dear Mom:

Gosh, I can hardly believe it—but it must be true—I'll be home again in so short a time, and it seems just like yesterday I left. Of course, there is the little matter of wading through five exams, but when you're looking forward to Christmas at home, and no eight o'clocks for two weeks—well, you can hardly wait for those exams so you can get them over with. Honestly, Mom, I'm going to stay in bed every morning till ten o'clock just for the satisfaction of not having to get up even if I am awake—and I'm going to go to bed late every single night.

Thanks a million for the cheque—it came just at the right time. For the first time in my life I've done my Christmas shopping early, and is it ever a relief to have it all done! But I just about walked my feet off trying to find just what I wanted for my friends. There just doesn't seem to be the selection this year. And I have my cards all ready to be mailed. So I am very proud of myself.

Well, Mom, I really think I ought to get at my books again — those exams looming straight ahead require some looking into. In case I don't write again it'll be because I won't have time; so don't worry. By the way, I'll be home on one of three days, 18, 19 or 20. I'll let you know definitely later.

Bye for now.

Love,

SUE.

MOMENTARY MOODS

We wonder—

1. If the recent influx of fraternity pins among the third year House Eccers has anything to do with their cooking ability—maybe you can tell us, Mr. Soley?

2. Whether a blonde graduate dietitian in the University Hospital meant to fall from the chandelier in trying to catch the wedding bouquet. Could a blonde Aggie have anything to do with it?

3. As one arm-chair critic to another, are we really losing our campus spirit during the war (ex-mural sport decline), or is it just lying dormant? Are we just supposed to say "hello" to fellow students in Freshie week, or should we get together and lick that old isolationist spirit beginning right here on our own campus?

4. Where Kay Kelly got those nifty maroon beaded moccasins she wears every now and then?

5. How some people can remain so cool through it all, when the rest of us are so darn cold?

6. Whether the Masters in Science hang around the 58 lab. for a refresher course or to urge Mesdames Sheila Toshack, Patty Firth and Therese Beauchemin to go for a "refresher"?

7. If those men who shovel snow in this cold weather shouldn't get a lot more recognition from we students. I'll bet a cheery word now and then would do a lot to warm them up.

8. If this isn't going to be the best Christmas ever for the students of the University—happy exam time, everybody.

Accent on Glamour --



-- In the Spotlight

Velvet holds the holiday spotlight, when it comes in a tricky little number like the one shown above. Fine for dancing, dinner or teas—exactly what you'll want to complete your holiday fun. The smart simple lines do wonders for any figure, while the single strand of pearls finishes the simplicity. The hat and bag in matching tones add that certain something. . . .

CHRISTMAS--CAPERS

By Margie Skelton

"And what are you going to do in the Christmas holidays, my little man?" I asked of 15 students, one after the other. "Sleep," said fourteen. "Pray for a pass," said the fifteenth. Now, such is not the spirit. Of course, sleep is well and good in its proper place, and it might be as well to get rid of the bags under your eyes, just so you won't be packing trunks there by the time your finals are over. And a little praying might come in handy, too, but you can't spend all your time doing that. So this year, grab each day as it comes and squeeze every drop of fun out of it that you can. Remember that you are only supposed to be young once. Have your fun now, and the folk will call you, with an indulgent smile, "a young fool." Have it later and you'll be an "old fool." The latter is not nearly as flattering a term as the first.

First of all, don't worry about the exams you wrote. Don't wake up some night screaming "I forgot to say one of Socrates' beliefs was 'not life but the good life.'" Don't fret over the equation you disremembered. It's too late now. Just take comfort in the fact that the professors were once in your shoes and know what it's like to hope frantically that their instructors would not get a boil or a bad case of flu when they were marking term papers. They aren't going to flunk you for the joy of saying, "Twenty-two of my students failed." The more of you that pass, the prouder the professors are going to be—not only of you, but of themselves too.

Get yourself out of doors these holidays. Your lungs are probably as warped with hot air as your brains are, so give them another lease on life. Make up a sleighing party. If you live in Edmonton, the drifts are ideal for throwing people into. You can't imagine what fun it is to see old Joe struggle up through a drift, with his ear muffs over one eye. It will add ten years to your life, even if it removes ten from his. The jingle of bells, the smell of straw, the feel of somebody's foot on your face—you'll all agree there's nothing like it.

Polish up on your skiing, too. Plenty of snow and ski hills in abundance should put you right in the mood. If you can't ski, learn. You may be able to join the annual Journal Learn to Ski Club—if you can prove you are under fifteen—and if they establish the club again this year. Or take your long-suffering best pal out and get some pointers. If you live through the first lesson you are practically guaranteed to live through at least two more.

Remember how you used to like to skate? Remember all the pretty girls you used to meet at the rink? Well, dust off your skates, and out you go. Maybe you are a bit out of practice, but don't let a few falls worry you. Someone has to dust the snow off of the ice. And if you are one of those lucky people who can manage to stay on the perpendicular most of the time, perhaps you can add a few new twists or turns to your collection.

If you are one of the ambitious young things who plan to work through the holidays, have some fun at night. Take your best gal on a moonlight toboggan party. White hills, snowy trees, a big moon with clouds drifting past it—well! What lady's heart wouldn't soften? If you can top the evening off in front of a roaring wood fire, so much the better.

Perhaps you live outside of Edmonton. In that case, remember that the folks haven't seen you for three months, and might like to get a glimpse of you now and then—at times other than meals, or when you are in your little bed. You don't look your best with your mouth full, and your conversation leaves much to be desired when you are asleep. Find time to take your Mom to a show. She probably has ten new gray hairs just from worrying that you might get to be a wild young fella like the rest of the Varsity students. Call for your Dad at his curling rink some evening, and let him show you off to his friends. With or without reason, he's proud of you, and if the worst comes to the worst and your next line of action is in the Army, you know you can bank on him to blame

your professors, your lectures, your subjects and your health before he ever thinks that it might be your fault. You might even manage to say "hello" to your young brothers or sisters. Maybe the kid brother did trade your stamp collection for a picture of the Town Beauty, but kids are like that. One person I heard of went home last Christmas to find the young sister had bleached the rear portion of their black dog to a brilliant blonde. So you see, you aren't alone in your misfortunes.

If you live in Edmonton, keep in mind that the family have probably seen enough (and more) of you the last few weeks, while you grouched and worried, so lie low for a few days and give them time to recuperate.

Those who live in a small town like Calgary will probably find that there is a scarcity of dance halls, and will have to do their dancing in their own homes. Of course, in a big city such as Edmonton, where there are dance halls in abundance, everyone knows they'll still have to dance in their homes. Roll up the rug, remove breakable objects and let the radio give out. Maybe you can learn some new steps with which to dazzle the boys or confuse the girls when you get back to Varsity.

I know that there is no need to encourage you to eat lots of turkey and Xmas pudding. So about all there is left for me to do now is to wish everyone a Merry Xmas.

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Fashion Firsts are First
at
THE FASHION
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Cleaning - Pressing - Dyeing Men . . .

Have you tried our exclusive
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TRUDEAU'S

Phone 23431

10050 103rd Street

ST. JOE'S CAFETERIA

announces

It's New Location

- On the re-opening of Varsity after the Christmas recess, the Cafeteria will be located in the Auditorium of the College.
- Access from the street will be to the left and below the Main Front Entrance of the College.
- The continuing of the Cafeteria is done solely at the request of the Varsity Student Body and of the many patrons of the Cafeteria. For this show of appreciation, we thank you.
- May we have your continued patronage and your indulgence in these days of rationing and scarcity.
- St. Joe's wishes for its many friends . . .

A JOYFUL CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPIER NEW YEAR

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You will appreciate the pleasant atmosphere and
finer service at
The Corona Hotel Dining Room
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EYES EXAMINED, GLASSES DESIGNED, ACCURATE REPAIRS
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Phone 22342

SO YOU WANT A JOB!

With most of the examinations completed by the 17th of this month, many students will be free for work for at least the following week. As a means for securing some of the necessary for those presents, this plan has never been questioned. People who plan on staying in Edmonton for the Christmas season, in past years have often done this.

One might expect the variety of work available to be enlarged by war activity, but from information at hand the business open to persons for such a limited period falls in line with the seasonal rush. The departmental stores, as is their habit, are engaging many as extra staff to serve behind the counters. Gift wrappers, helpers on delivery routes, are other responsibilities. With new sections in their stores, such as decorations, cards, Christmas confec-

tions and the like, the managements look to high school and the University to answer their need. Office work has been secured in several cases to cope with the extra strain on the credit department also. This is facilitated by the fact that this group is not subject to the restrictions under present regulations. They do not require a permit to obtain employment for the period from December 13th to January 5th, so the whole field is open to them to get what they can. The advantage over others who are employable is self-evident.

The Post Office has placed a request for helpers during their heaviest season. Of special interest to the Engineers is the announcement by the liquor vendors that they will be requiring employees during the festive season.

No matter what you try for, remember your appearance, courtesy and personality goes a long way in deciding whether you're in or not. Don't make the job permanent—see you after Christmas.

SOME DEFINITIONS

Boy—Noise with dirt on it.
Culture—An individual response to values.
Executive—A fellow who entertains the visitors while others do the work.
Expert—An ordinary person a long way from home.
Friend—One who knows all about you and likes you just the same.
Insurance—A dead man's alimony.
Social Tact—Making your company feel at home even if you wish they were there.
Women — Generally speaking, are generally speaking.
Sympathy—What one girl offers another in exchange for details.
Wind—Air in a hurry.

Foibles of Fashion

The Prom over, and exams nearly over too, except for the Meds and those unlucky enough to have mid-terms finals, so let's go back and see just what current outfits have been flashing their way from classroom to Library to Convocation Hall to Tuck to train.

Feminine.

We saw Mary Soper the other afternoon working away in the Library, and looking very casual in a paddy green wool jersey dress with a smart white collar and a bright jigger on the front.

Joan Ross has been braving the cold, early moonlight at the South Side station these mornings dressed in a track little plaid pork pie and matching plaid skirt topped with yellow torso sweater. She says it was a girl friend she met, but we have our doubts!

Ruth Waddell and Jean Macdougall have been showing the latest thing in head coverings. Jeanie's is one of those little Dutch caps, while Ruth's is brown felt "jeep" model.

Our charming vice-president, Doris Thompson, goes in for plaids in a big way too. Friday she had on a white and green plaid shirt and

you're smartly supported



in these new "DR. LOCKES"

Heaven for your feet—and they won't hurt your vanity! Our new "Dr. Lockes" are really smart shoes—and every pair is based on lasts originally developed by the famed Canadian physician.

\$11.50

STERLING SHOES Ltd.

10150 Jasper Avenue

Cameo Cabaret

DANCE AND DINE AT THE CAMEO

Friday Dancing till 2 a.m.

Saturday Dancing with Orchestra, 9 to 12 p.m.

Be sure to make reservations early for Christmas and New Year's to avoid disappointment.

Theatre Directory

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL—Held over, the two Ace Fun Teams of the air, Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, in "Here We Go Again."

EMPRESS—Currently showing, Geo. Brent and Brenda Marshall in "You Can't Escape Forever"; added action hit, "Berlin Correspondent."

GARNEAU—Playing Monday, "The Magnificent Ambersons"; coming Tuesday, "The Mayor of 44th Street."

PRINCESS—Currently playing, "Reap the Wild Wind," starring Ray Milland and John Wayne.

STRAND—Playing Saturday and Monday, Judy Canova in "Puddin' Head"; added hit, "Sunset Serenade."

ODEON

RIALTO—Two smash hits, "The Mad Doctor of Market Street"; hit No. 2, "Ladies in Retirement" with "Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward.

VARSCONA—Irene Dunn and Cary Grant in "My Favorite Wife"; also Basil Rathbone in "The Black Cat."

NEW R.S.M.



I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas

Christmas morn at 8 a.m., with the icicles hanging blue outside my window. I flit quickly downstairs in my nightshirt to see the heavenly sight of that gorgeous Christmas tree laden with parcels.

I can't wait for breakfast, I can't wait for anything. I must penetrate these beautiful bundles. This big bulky one looks exciting. What can it be. Good Lord, it isn't! My gosh, it is! A brand new rubber tire! Oh, Santa Claus, you old dear! You must have seen the poor old Ford limping along on three legs. I can hardly wait to open the rest. Here's a little thin one; it's most likely a darned kit or something dull—it's sort of shiny—well, I must be in Heaven! An empty tooth paste tube! And here's another lovely little parcel—oh, No! No! this is too much! Look at them! I'm going to weep! Oh, aren't they heavenly! Two pairs of Nylon Stockings! Oh, handle them carefully, Say, what have I got anyway?

Well, my luck can't last, but here goes for the next parcel. Well, whaddyaknow? Some dolly's sent me a book. Me, who only reads—well, whaddyaknow? "The Sure Way to Avoid the Income Tax," by Bribem, Beatem and Gypsum. Whadda Christmas! And they're still coming! Let's open this ducky little box next. Oh, Hallelujah! My eyes must be deceiving me! They must be crossed. They must be eggs or mirages or something! Oh, aren't they beautiful? Real live golf balls! Oh joy, oh rapture! WhaddaChristmas! Here's a little one—most likely a spool of thread from dear old Uncle Louie. Dear old Uncle Louie—how could he know? Four sugar lumps! Four Sugar Lumps! Oh, I must sit down. I must sit down! My heart can't stand it! I can't stand it! Let's have another. Maybe it'll be a volume of Wilhelm Stieche's poetry. That'll soothe me. That'll fix me up. This is the last thing! I'm in Heaven! I haven't been so happy since I passed into the fifth grade after the third try! Do you realize what someone has given you for a present, you lucky girl? For a present! Nary a coupon required. Oh, look at it—one pound of coffee. One pound of coffee! Oh joy, oh rapture! Oh, St. Peter, how did I

get past you? Oh, whaddaChristmas!

Oh, what hit me? Oh, what is this? Where are my sweet little sugar lumps? Where is my beautiful tire? Where are my darling little golf balls? Where—Oh, no, no, this can't be me sitting in front of this History book! Oh, this is too ghastly! Take me to that bridge! Just give me a chance, I'll jump! Oh why, oh why, didn't I have just one cup before. . . . Oh death, where is thy sting?

WINDOW SHOPPING

by "woody"

PENCIL poised in hand, you sit, gnaw it thoughtfully, then relapse into the more demanding studies of Plato, or chemistry. However you may try to concentrate, your face once again becomes hard-bitten by the inner struggle. Finally, a ragged piece of scrap paper comes out and you write in determined letters across the top, "My Xmas List." With "you" in mind, dear fellow student, we have gathered together a few Christmas gift suggestions.

First in the parade—Bunny mittens so very soft and fluffy, meant to safeguard the most "gentle" of hands throughout the long winter months. You'll warm her heart as well as her hands with these mittens in blues, greens, whites and browns—priced \$3.98 at the Bay.

Also in the interests of femininity, a snug georgette vest, flattering to any figure. You'll have no qualms about this vest for a sister or a girl friend's present. This vest meets your purse strings half-way in Thompson and Dynes at \$1.95.

She'll be purse proud with this holiday bag bounty in soft crushed leather, calf or morocco—only \$5.98 at the Bay.

Drum up applause for yourself as a gift-giver with a handy little Ratanaplan drum package containing powder and perfume—priced at only \$1.50. A soft dumpy in crushed white leather is just the thing for that room-mate who has lived and endured with you. You'll be proud of your Christmas wisdom the year round proud of your Xmas wisdom the year round if you purchase a dumpy costing \$10.00 at Eaton's.

A handy little "whatsits" bag made to hold anything from curlers to cosmetics, is the solution for a gift to "the girl down the hall." It can be bought anywhere for 25c.

Just to end up our "for Her" ideas, may we slip in the plaintive hope that someone will remember to give some of we girls, who are so hopefully hoping, a Bambi statuette or Bambi books? 'Tisn't much—just \$3.95 at Reed's Gift Shop for the statuette of this beloved fawn.

You may string him along with these mittens in soft corn color—priced at \$1.25 in the Bay.

While we're thinking of it—how about a he-man ash tray for Dad this Xmas? One of white marble costing \$3.95 at Birk's will jolt him from that tie deluge by which he is usually so overpowered.

The men in the forces need compact article for small kit bags. This toilet kit is fitted with everything he needs for smartness on the parade ground. It can be found at the Bay in Air Force blue, brown and crushed black calf leathers for \$6.50.

Monogrammed hankies are always nice in white cotton at 25c, or in linen (which is disappearing from the market) at 40c. See these at the Bay.

Christmas will be better than ever if we put the same spirit into it which is driving our men overseas into fiercer and fiercer combats with the enemy to keep alive the customs and ideals we cherish. Many of us are spending our money in the more vital war effort, but why not keep Christmas alive with cheerful notes to your friend on gay note-paper decorated with a Christmas motif at the top?



THE WOMEN

The oyster's a Confusing suitor, It's masc. and fem., And even neuter. But whether husband, Pal or wife, It leads a soothing Sort of life. I'd like to be An oyster, say, In August, June, July or May.

One third year Electrical at least (name of Jackson) has sure found the way to get away from it all, but does he ever whip up a blush when they kid him!

The women's fraternities have decided to send no Christmas cards this year, and Panhellenic, therefore, wishes to take this opportunity of extending Season's Greetings to all its friends—faculty and student-body.

The Outcast

His manners are perfect, he's polished and gay, He arrives on the dot and he won't overstay, His tailor is good and he wears the right tie, Yet there's definitely something wrong with the guy.

Though his language is faultless, his looks not too bad, No hostess will have much to do with the lad, He sits, talks and moves a la Emily Post, Still the man is anathema to the average host.

He reads the right books, he changes his socks, His connections are high; he owns the right stocks. He handles his fork with the greatest of ease. He's quiet with soup and he never sheds peas.

Yet his case is so hopeless, there's no chance for him To enter again in the gay social swim. He hasn't one friend, such a leper is he . . . For he asks for six lumps with his coffee and tea.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Say, have you had the tip-off on the latest "don't-let-him-forget-you" idea? It's all in a perfume bottle! Before you mail your Christmas letter to him (or any letter for that matter), just put the atomizer to work, seal tightly and quickly, and when he opens it—why! there's the lovely smell of you! Makes them want to climb aboard a train—or plane, it's quicker. Try it and reap the results!



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Varsity's Favorite Gift Shopping Rendezvous

Gorgeous New EVENING WRAPS of Black Silk Velvet

With White or Red Silk Velvet lined Hoods, or White Lapine Collars

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT DELUXE!

29.75 32.50 35.00

Your merry Christmas greetings would take on added warmth if you wrap "her" up in one of these gorgeous formal Cloaks of soft, sumptuous black silk velvet . . . gracefully styled and hooded with red or white velvet lined hood, or collared with white lapin. They are lined with white satin and warmly interlined.

Others are of soft woollen material with tailored collar and revers . . . trimmed with gold metallic braid embroidery. Sizes 14 to 20. Priced at \$29.75, \$32.50 and \$35.00

Bright and Cheerful New HOUSECOATS

With Gift Appeal

7.95 to 12.95

Gift shoppers are already choosing these bright colorful Housecoats for Christmas cheer!

—Printed silks and repps and plain crepes with contrasting trims. Wrap-around and zipper fastening style. Long and short sleeves.

Shown in rose, mountie red, wine, gold, turquoise, royal and black. Sizes 12 to 44. Priced at \$7.95 to \$12.95

(Ready-to-Wear Dept.)

—Chenille and Candlewick Housecoats, at \$5.95 to \$13.95

—Fine Wool Flannel. Priced at \$9.95 to \$15.95

Lovely Floral Printed

Rayon Crepe Gowns


Will Solve Many Gift Problems

3.98

Floor length gowns with flared skirts and cap sleeves . . . made from lovely soft rayon crepe in floral printed designs on pink, blue and white grounds. Small, medium and large sizes. Priced at

Johnstone Walker

ESTD. Limited 1886





SPORTS



BEARS LOSE TO U.S. ENGINEERS

CLUBS RECESS FOR XMAS

Lots of Swimming Space At Meeting

Archery Club Is Well Attended

There will be no more swimming club meetings till after Christmas, to allow the students to study for the exams without thinking how nice it would be to be swimming, when they are supposed to be taking in deep and profound knowledge. You know what I mean!

The last meeting was slightly smaller than usual, most likely due to the fact that some of the students are studying already. But those who were there had a wonderful time, with the pool practically to themselves. Those who wanted to practice their lengths could do so without the usual fear of running into someone with practically every stroke, and those who wanted to dive had full use of the boards. Ah, that's the life! But, of course, it is just as good, in fact better, to see a whole crowd having fun at the "Y" pool. After Christmas, when all exams and shopping excursions are over, the club will resume its meetings.

There are some, no doubt, who will be very anxious to start in again where they left off, and even new members may want to join. You can learn a lot by constant practice, and everyone is always welcome. Be seeing you after Christmas!

Dr. Henry Marshall Tory was the first president of the University of Alberta, entering upon his duties on January 1, 1908.

The Archery Club, along with all other sports, has stopped for this term in deference to these Christmas exams. However, in the New Year, we hope to really get down to business. Our meetings will be held more regularly since it has been possible to obtain a warmer shooting place.

We have been experiencing great difficulties this year because of the lack of heat at the Drill Hall. Nevertheless, the turnout has been splendid and all we hope is that our new members will continue to attend after Christmas. The number of meetings has been limited because of the cold, and we have not done as much shooting as in former years. The increased membership, however, compensate for this loss of practices. Our supply of equipment has been augmented this fall, and we now possess a fine number of bows and arrows plus several targets and a backdrop that really stays put.

The Archery Club has adopted a new policy this year. Men are now allowed to join, and we will be looking for them at the next meeting. Our coach has been Watson MacCrostie again this term. He has done a fine job in helping our new members to learn the game.

The University of Alberta was established by an act of the first session of the first legislature of the Province of Alberta in 1906.

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WHERE SMART FELLOWS MEET

10136 Jasper Avenue

Halifax, Dec. 10 (C.U.P.).—Three students from Dalhousie University have been struck off the strength of the C.O.T.C. for failure to attend the required number of parades, it was announced at headquarters of Military District No. 6.

These students will not be exempted from the military draft, the District Headquarters has notified the Department of National War Services.



hockey patter

The University Interfaculty Hockey League is completely organized and ready to begin its schedule of games immediately after the Christmas holidays. It is unfortunate that so many difficulties had to be overcome and thereby delayed an early opening. However, there is a brighter side, too. It will be recalled that last year only two games were played before Christmas, so actually we are not far behind schedule. Furthermore, Christmas exams this year are not just a formality for "staying off probation"—they are the crossroads. I sure hope that the hockey players as well as the whole student body miss that south-east turn.

What has been done so far? We have discovered at length a new military set-up which, after much speculation, was found to be unfeasible both to the military authorities and to the hockey club. However, the club is very grateful to Lt.-Col. Warren, who has assisted us as much as possible, and whose advice has been instrumental in clarifying our position. Lt.-Col. Warren is also a hockey booster.

Having decided that last year's set-up was the most satisfactory means of promoting hockey on this campus, the four teams were immediately organized and ice-making was to begin on a certain Monday morning. That morning assured us all of a white Christmas and, students, if you think it cramped a few lectures you should have seen what it did to our ice-making activities! You can't flood on three feet of snow when you can't get within five hundred feet of the ring. However, after much hard work, for which I must thank the Students' Union, ice was made and the past week saw hockey practice begin.

Our difficulties are by no means totally solved. The Med-Pharm-Dent team, who were the champions last year, are going to find it trying to operate through January. The hockey club will endeavor to help them as much as possible. Furthermore, the activities of all clubs will remain in doubt until January 4th. Let me assure you now that the league will operate as well and as successfully as did last year's league. There is no reason why it should not. There is a very good supply of equipment, which was sadly lacking last year. We have a nucleus of players back at school beyond our greatest expectations. Above all, we expect a much large turnout of Freshmen than ever before.

May I add this—it is the players turn out and show as much enthusiasm as did last year's players, the stamp of success may be inscribed on the league right now. For that matter, the University's corner-stone of hockey, Stan Moher, has enough to infuse every team in the league. To everyone, then, a very good festive season. Eat the chicken, but go easy on the mashed potatoes and dressing. The Engineers probably won't "eat" at all.

JACK QUIGLEY,
President of Hockey.

Although hockey has experienced a number of set-backs, workouts for at least a number of squads that will comprise the circuit this year were held last Saturday afternoon down at the rink on the grid. The honor of holding the first practice of the young 1942-43 season falls to Coach Bob Schrader and his Ag-Com-Law gang, and Manager Jack Garvin had twelve or fifteen hopefuls on hand for Coach Schrader and Director Moher to get an eyeful of. Besides Coach Schrader and Manager Garvin of last year's squad, Frank Quigley was out for his first turn on the blades. Frank is feeling well again, and should be a great factor in whatever success his team enjoys this season. Newcomers who caught the eye were Bus Younger and Joe Fraser.

Immediately following the Ag-Com-Law on the ice were the Engineers under Coach Jack Simpson and Manager Webb. There won't be a better combination at the head of any of the teams than this Simpson-Webb pair. Both are enthusiastic, and it was evident on Saturday that Simpson means to work hard at his coaching job. Lambert, Panchyshyn, Setters and Dutka of the 1941-42 squad were on hand, and half a dozen newcomers looked as though they will help the Engineers better their third place finish of last season.

As far as is known at the time of going to press, neither Jack Quigley's Arts nor Dave LaRose's Med-Pharm-Dent aggregations have called a practice. Undoubtedly, if at all feasible, these two will have their charges out before very long.

The league will open with a double-header being played on Saturday, Jan. 9th. In these opening clashes Engineers will meet Ag-Com-Law and Arts will tangle with last season's champs, the Med-Pharm-Dents. On Wednesday, Jan. 13th, Ag-Com-Law will contest the issue with Quigley's Arts and Med-Pharm-Dents will be drawn against the Engineers. By the time these two double-headers have been run off some idea of the comparative strength of the teams will be known.

Harold Wismer, well known overtown referee, has been engaged to handle these opening games. He will replace Danny McLeod, who gave such real satisfaction last winter. Danny is now stationed at Halifax, so is not available. Wismer has had considerable refereeing experience and should fill the bill satisfactorily.

GOOD BASKETBALL FEATURED THROUGHOUT

Bears Hopeful For Remaining Games

If opening games in the newly organized men's senior basketball league played at the Westglen gym can be used as a yardstick, the circuit should have a highly successful season. U.S. Engineers and Y.M.C.A. scored victories over Varsity and the Latter Day Saints respectively, and the class of basketball was good, promises to be better after the teams get going regularly. The Engineers won by 45-33, while the Y took their triumph 45-40.

Hon. Solon Low, president of the Alberta Basketball Association, officiated at the ceremonial opening of the league and introduced such well-known basketball boosters as Clare Hollingsworth, W. T. (Bill) Tait, Armour Bull, J. Percy Page, Roy Haliburton and Bill Douglas.

Mayor Fry tossed up the first ball to send the loop away on a competitive basis.

Double-headers will be played each Tuesday and Thursday at the Westglen gym, and indications are that the class of basketball will be the best seen here in years.

Taking the wraps off a collection of ball-tossers who left little doubt among the onlookers that they knew their stuff, the U.S. Engineers were good enough to outlast a fairly fast but small Varsity squad. The Americans were sparked by a glittering trio—Harley Miller, John Gillickson and Oliver Goodlander. Miller, formerly of Iowa State, scored a total of 18 points and handled himself like a big leaguer; so did Gillickson, who scored 16 points, and Goodlander, although his total was a modest six, had a steady influence on his team all the way through.

The Engineers looked good enough to leave the impressions that they'll pack a lot of dynamite after they round into their best condition.

Sammy Shekter, small but mighty, carried the torch for the students with 18 points and got good support from Bern Crichtfield, whose contribution was 10.

Only a point separated the teams at half-time, 17-16, and it wasn't until the final few minutes that the decision was definitely nailed down in favor of the American boys.

Frank Fergie, guarding Gillickson, found the task rather trying as Gillickson stands about six feet three in his stocking feet. However, it can be said that if it hadn't been for the fine work that Frank did in guarding this man there would have been a decidedly bigger score for the Engineers. It is too bad that Paul Kirk couldn't have been there for the coaching from the bench would undoubtedly have helped a great deal. As it was, one group of fellows played the biggest portion of the game, which is a tough job at any time and more so in such a game as this was—all of which reveals the need of organization from the bench. Paul was called to Minnesota when his father was taken seriously ill. We hope he will be here for the next game. These boys are good, and we look for a fine showing from them before this season has come to a close.

U.S. Army Engineers									
	FG	FSA	FSM	P	Pt.		FG	FSA	FSM
Bob Hora	1	1	1	1	3				
John Coyle	1	0	0	0	2				
Harley Miller	7	9	4	4	18				
Gus Green	0	1	0	0	0				
Herb White	0	2	0	1	0				
John Gillickson	6	6	4	1	16				
O. Goodlander	3	1	0	2	6				
Totals	18	20	9	8	45				
Varsity									
	FG	FSA	FSM	P	Pt.		FG	FSA	FSM
M. Provenzano	1	0	0	1	2				
Al Manifold	0	0	0	2	0				
John McInnis	0	2	0	0	0				
Frank Fergie	1	0	0	3	2				
Sam Shekter	8	3	2	2	18				
B. Crichtfield	5	0	0	2	10				
Ralph Walker	0	0	0	1	0				
Nori Mischio	0	1	0	0	0				
Jack Switzer	0	2	1	4	1				
Totals	15	8	3	15	33				
Accuracy—Engineers, 18 out of 75; Varsity, 15 out of 59.									
Officials—Ed Tomick and Tommy McLochin.									
Legend—FG, field goals; FSA, foul shots attempted; FSM, foul shots made; P, personal fouls; Pts., points.									

outdoor club activity attracts new members

This year the Outdoor Club has grown from a small organization to the largest on the campus. The reason for this is partly due to the efforts of the executive, composed of President Lex Miller, Secretary-treasurer Don Cormie, Vice-President Jane Stevenson, Ski Instructor Neil Carr, and Freshman Representative Malcolm Clark.

The total membership is composed of one hundred and eighty-seven students. The functions this term have been many and of a great variety. The first function was a hike and sing-song in the early fall, which was followed a few weeks later by a hay-ride party. Since then there have been numerous toboggan and ski parties at the "Chalet."

The object of the club is to promote better relationship between the students. The policy has been to invite guests to the club functions, and so far former students from British, American and Canadian colleges who are now in the services have attended and been made welcome.

The result of the very large snowfall this season has made skiing and tobogganing very popular, and the condition for these sports is the best it has been for many years.

From the active members of the club three committees have been formed. The Ski Committee is composed of Mel Little, Cecil Davis, Gordon Gore-Hickman and Bert Hall, and they are responsible for the organization of ski meets and the maintenance of the ski and toboggan runs. The House Committee is composed of Betty King, Margaret Smathers, Marjorie Hulbert, Lily Cutts, Lenore Pearson.

Winston Stothert, George Hardy, Ian McBride, Norman Hollies and Bob Gray. It is the duty of the House Committee to make sure there is lots of firewood and the dishes are always clean. The Entertainment Committee is composed of Mike Bevan, Albert Wells and John Depew. It is the duty of this committee to plan the entertainment for the parties and to see that the radio and gramophone are always working.

The plans for the next term are for two skating parties, a ski meet, where awards will be given for the winners of the events. A skating carnival, in which the Outdoor Club is co-operating with several other University organizations, is also planned. And if the wishes of many of the members are obeyed, there will be a ski hike to Whitemud and another hay-ride.

During November and December, Don Cormie and Lex Miller have been taking colored moving pictures of the activities of the Outdoor Club. When completed, this full length movie will be edited, and in the new year a night will be set aside for the showing of this picture.

Many additions and repairs have been completed on the Outdoor "Chalet." Some of these are the installation of a new pump, the construction of new cupboards, benches and a chest, and the repairing of the foundation. The newest addition to the "Chalet" is a long and short-wave radio with a record player. This already has proved popular to the hundreds who have enjoyed the music and dancing at the "Chalet."

The Outdoor Club has become one of the most popular clubs on the campus, and to most "fresh air fans" skiing, tobogganing and skating are exciting sports.

Badminton Club Plans Tourney									
	FG	FSA	FSM	P	Pt.		FG	FSA	FSM
M. Provenzano	1	0	0	1	2				
Al Manifold	0	0	0	2	0				
John McInnis	0	2	0	0	0				
Frank Fergie	1	0	0	3	2				
Sam Shekter	8	3	2	2	18				
B. Crichtfield	5	0	0	2	10				
Ralph Walker	0	0	0	1	0				
Nori Mischio	0	1	0	0	0				
Jack Switzer	0	2	1	4	1				
Totals	15	8	3	15	33				
Accuracy—Engineers, 18 out of 75; Varsity, 15 out of 59.									
Officials—Ed Tomick and Tommy McLochin.									
Legend—FG, field goals; FSA, foul shots attempted; FSM, foul shots made; P, personal fouls; Pts., points.									



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Harold Wismer, well known overtown referee, has been engaged to handle these opening games. He will replace Danny McLeod, who gave such real satisfaction last winter. Danny is now stationed at Halifax, so is not available. Wismer has had considerable refereeing experience and should fill the bill satisfactorily.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Women's Sr. Hoop League Promises Good Season

Under the able instructing of Gordon Ferguson, the Senior team seems to be shaping into a much stronger unit than we were able to present last year. We were very sorry to hear that Gordie will be unable to turn out for all of our practices after Christmas, but he has assured us that he will be able to get Ed Tomick, a well known coach and a very fine player, to turn out and take over the times that Gordie is absent.

Due to the pre-Christmas schedule being so short, we haven't as yet felt conditioned enough to challenge any of the city teams. We hope to have several games after Christmas with such teams as the Starlets, the C.W.A.C., Victoria High School, and the Y.W.C.A.

As there are only a few of the old standbys left over from last year, the team will be made up mainly of Freshettes, who have plenty of talent. Eleanor Chris, a dark-eyed beauty, is going to be a big asset to the team, along with fiery little red-head, Ruth Andrew, and petite Lillian Reid, and of course, as was mentioned before, our



LOIS BELYEA

ex-Starlett, June Causgrove, who really knows her basketball.

Ladies Enjoy Interfac Hoop Tourney; More Fun!

By Betty Johnstone

Interfaculty basketball was slow in getting started, and at the present rate the finals should be played the second week in January (we hope!). The managers have certainly done their best, but exams and the Prom are too much opposition. From the games played so far, Education and Arts look strong, but Science has a trick or two unturned, and we're reluctant to make any definite prophecies. Some of the girls came out grudgingly, but at the end of the evening they all went home grudgingly, too. They actually enjoyed it, so let's have bigger and better turnouts and see what fun mild rugby can be. Our thanks to Gerry Larue for his refereeing of the mad scrambles, but with his explanations of the whys and wherefores, and especially the "why-nots," the games should resemble fair basketball before the schedule is completed.



BETTY JOHNSTONE

In the Spotlight

By Gerry Larue

Sports this year have been practically confined to the men who actively take part in them, that it with the exception of Senior rugby. Interfaculty sports for some reason do not seem to warrant the attention that is given to the senior circuits—hence there are no cheering sections and very little supporting spirit. Interfaculty rugby and basketball have proceeded quietly and without attention. We hope that after the first of the year, when Senior basketball really gets going in this new league, when the men's interfaculty league plays its final round robin, when the ladies' interfac league plays the remaining games in their series, when the women's Senior team plays the Jvertown challenge games, when the interfac hockey gets under way, when the assault-at-arms is arranged, that there will be some support from the students who don't actually take part in these sports. There is a lot of entertainment to be gained from watching these events, even if one doesn't take part, and we think that everyone should be in on it. Then here is a New year's resolution—to do all in your power to promote athletics on the campus of the University of Alberta.

Cheers to the Nurses—they are a game bunch of athletes. The last game of the Women's Interfaculty Basketball League was cancelled and the Nurses were not informed by their manager. It was a cold and bitter night, and five nurses—Pat Foster, Aileen O'Connor, Anna Kapuscinski, Nan Mitchell and Audrey Appleton—turned up at the drill hall. They argued they should have the game by default, but it seems the blame rested on the shoulders of Nina Sage for not letting them all know. The only unfortunate part was that The Gateway sports writer happened to be there too, and did he catch it for his last little article! This, then, is the promised note in praise of the Nurses who, with blistered heels, braved the elements to support their faculty, who, disregarding tired muscles from a hard day's work and worry over the proximity of exams, came out to play basketball and re-establish their profession on the athletic circles. Once again, bravo!

To those persons who have given of their time and effort to help keep the sports on the campus before the public, I would like to say thank you. The women's department has been well managed by Helen McDougall as Women's Sports Editor. The men's athletics have received good support from Frank Quigley, Bill Clark and Stan Moher, plus articles by the team managers and presidents. Through these persons efforts we have been able to consistently bring the athletic news to the students. Thanks for the co-operation.

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Nothing matters now but 50.
Praise the Lord and pass the examinations.
Too little and too late.
Remember, there's Camrose when you go to write the exams.

We did it before, but can we do it again?
50 for Victory.
All out for 50 or all out period.
Never have so many done so much for so few, marks.
Be true to yourself and (you won't) wear khaki.

PRES. OF WOMEN'S ATHLETICS SUMS UP SEASON'S ACTIVITIES



KAY LIND

First Half of the Interfaculty Hoop League "Success," Says Bob Dumont

The first half of the interfaculty basketball schedule has been completed successfully. In spite of the extra study this year, all the teams were well supported with both players and enthusiasm. We are sorry to state, however, that the audience has been nil. This can be excused because of the temperature of the drill hall.

To date the Dents have proved the strongest team, with the Arts holding a close second. Both of these teams will lose some players to the Senior squad, so the final outcome is doubtful.

At present the league standing is as follows:

Team.	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
Dents	3	3	0	6
Arts	3	2	1	4
Eng.	3	1	2	2
Eng.	3	0	3	0

The Meds have been unable to field a team because of their "speed-up" course, but it is hoped that they will be able to take part in the play-offs, which will be held early in February.

This is the time of year when we look back on what we have accomplished or not accomplished, and wonder where all the long time between September and Christmas vanished to. In the world of sport, at least, we have several pleasant things on which to reminisce. There was the tennis tournament, in which a Freshette, Isabel Hooper, made a top rating with close competition in the large entry list. Track, too, got away early to a good start and finished up with a clear win over the Normal School team, to complete one of its most successful seasons in recent years.

On the other side of the balance sheet are the tears and trials the once flourishing Archery Club have had to contend with. We hope their perseverance has had its reward, and that they will be able to carry on without so many difficulties after Christmas. The Fencing Club is still alive, thanks to the untiring efforts of Marlene Merrick, and we look for its continued success.

Swimming, basketball and badminton are well under way, and interfaculty meets in the spring promise to be interesting. Then we have a rumor that the Outdoor Club will sponsor an interfac ski meet if enough girls would like to take part.

So far, Education lead in points for the Rose Bowl interfac award, but they'll have to do more than rest on their laurels to cinch top place in the spring.



BOB DUMONT

Good Prospects For Boxing Club In New Year

By Colin Ross

Bong! There goes the bell, and that is the end of round one. While the fighters are resting in their corners, we will give you a review of this round.

It started out with a bang—lots of action—every fighter in these punching enthusiastically—in fact, the "Boxing Club" was one of the first minor sports to get under way in spite of the fact that we had to begin workouts in the drill hall while the gym was being painted. So many men turned out for the first few workouts that we began to consider whether we should put an addition to the gym to accommodate them, and Alex, our capable coach, was filled with joy at the thought of the club he might build out of such material. But alas and alack! after the first flurry of punches many of the stalwart warriors tired, and the classes dwindled to the faithful few who turned up at every workout—but you can't run a boxing club without any boxers.

However, by dint of much effort, including no small amount of propaganda, we managed to swell the classes to somewhat normal size just before we quit for the Christmas season.

But even now we are planning for rounds two and three—round three is our share of a bang-up assault-at-arms to be held next term, in which we expect to have bouts for every boxer and also special feature attractions. However, unless we get more co-operation during round two than we did during round one, we may have to call the meet off for lack of boxers.

So come on, you fellows who drew gloves at the first of the year—dust them off, and next season when the signal goes for "seconds out of the ring," let's see you in there fighting. And a special invitation to any person who would like to learn to box (and it is a useful thing to know in these times)—come on out and we will teach you how, speedily and painlessly.

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